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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

THE NEW BLADE Sewing Machine

See Fifth Page.

VOLUME LIX. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1891. NUMBER 48.

Poetry.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Three cheers for that Indian wise who invented the Indian summer;
May he be chief of his tribe in the hunting grounds of the Spirit,
And, in his wigwam celestial, puff away at his pipe of contentment.

Like a morsel of bacon inserted between the dry crusts of a sandwich,
Is the Indian summer inserted between the autumn and winter,
Like the too exiguous jelly that spreads out its niggardly sweetness
Between the thick crusts of the pie that was named in George Washington's honor,
So between the dry crusts of the year is the Indian summer inserted.

It is my religious belief that Satan goes on a vacation
(The work of the autumn elections results in a nervous prostration)
So he takes the Indian summer to go to some distant demolition,
And earth finds the paradise peace it lost by that blunder of Eden.

And the heavens bend over the earth, as a mother bends over her baby,
As the mother smiles at the babe and the babe lifts its arms to the mother,
So the heavens smile at the earth, and the earth lifts its arms to the heavens,
When the reign of millennial peace returns with the Indian summer.

Heaven frowns on the hills in the winter and the hills turn pale with their snow-drifts.
The heavens scorch the meadows in summer; like the smile on the face of a dead man,
The brook's dry channel remains, but the life and the music has vanished,
But ever in Indian summer, the sky bends down like a lover,
And the woods blush red like a maiden beneath its passionate glances.

So, I think, there's a basis of sense in my somewhat eccentric proposal,
And I think that the world should respond when I make this unique proposition:
For three cheers for the Indian wise who invented the Indian summer.
—[Yankee Blade.

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

"Oh, mother, take the plaques away,
And put them out of sight,
For I am tickled most to death,
I cannot paint to-night;
I'll tell you all about it, if you'll listen, mother dear,
So come and sit beside me on my little hassock here."

"You heard the wedding bells to-night,
His wedding bells they were.
I'm very glad they were not mine,
I'm glad he married her.
Oh, how can I live through it,
My heart's so full of cheer!
You tried so hard to catch him, but you couldn't, mother dear.

"Miss Frizbang came among us,
With her blushes sweet to see,
With ruby lips and pearly teeth,
Far lovelier than me;
Yes, they were manufactured—excuse this joyful tear,
She thought that she could fool him, and she did it, mother dear."

"In vain you urged me, mother,
To put curline on my hair,
And wash my lips with couline,
And blush of roses wear,
But to your fond entreaties I never would give ear;
They didn't cut a figure—no they didn't, mother dear."

"Peace to you, Mr. Moneybags,
And happiness for life—
I'd be an old maid all my days
Before I'd be your wife—
Now, mother, I will sober down—I'm not crazy quite,
But please to take the plaques away, I can not paint to-night."
—[Pharmaceutical Era.

THE PEDAGOGUE'S WOOING.

The pedagogue among his pupils had
A maiden fair.
He loved her; who would not? Her eyes were soft,
And turned to him with saucy glance full oft;
Ann when his tiresome latin put her out,
Her pretty lips were all too prone to pout;
He longed to kiss them—love had made him mad—
But did not dare.

One morn he met her on the way to school,
The hour was late;
But wait he would not, could not. Thus he sighed:
"Sweet maid, I prithee, be my beauteous bride!
Already hast thou marked, nor need I tell,
That I have loved thee long and passing well;
Nor time nor absence can my passion cool;
Let's conjugate!"

"Ah!" with arch modesty replied the fair,
"That would be fine;
But 'tis impossible, for, as thou know'st,
Small stock of learning can thy pupil boast.
The first declension now absorbs my thought;
The verb I have not yet at all been taught.
I cannot conjugate; all I may dare
Is to decline!"
—[Table Talk.

PAN IN THE ORCHARD.

He carved a flute of elder green,
And notched it well and true,
Then pursed his lips and puffed his cheeks
And merrily he blew.

For it was springtime from holiday,
A untamed boy was he,
With russet freckles on his face
And a patch upon his knee.

The apple boughs above him flung
Their tangled sprays on high,
With one dark, bristly blue-jay nest
Rough-sketched against the sky.

He knew the secrets of the grass,
The burden of the hour,
He saw the fierce, bluff bumblebee
Towse many a clover flower.

Orphaned and poor as poor could be,
The years before him lay
Dark billows of an unknown sea,
No lighthouse on the way.

And yet, and yet his elder flute
Could bring him comfort true;
He pursed his lips and puffed his cheeks
And blew, and blew, and blew!
—[Maurice Thompson, Youth's Companion.

FAIR AND YET UNFAIR.

Belle all other girls transcended,
Loveliest creature of her genus,
Never charms more nicely blended
To suggest a perfect Venus.

Winningest of love's sweet teachers!
Eyes she had with depths entrancing,
Exquisitely chiseled features,
Lips her syren spell enhancing.

Fascination's rapt enchainer!
Every glance of her's enthused me,
Yet was never woman plainer
Than was Belle when she refused me.
—[Boston Courier.

Miscellany.

WARNING UNHEEDED.

The Girl's Father Had the Welfare of the Young Man in Mind.

The justice of the peace had just finished the ceremony which made two young people, whose whole appearance was unmistakably rural, man and wife, says the New York *Sun*, when a middle-aged man appeared on the scene. The bride murmured "Pa!" and then cast her glance upon the floor. The young man shifted his weight from one foot to the other, and exclaimed, in a way that would have seemed quite hearty if his voice had not faltered so:

"Evenin' to ye, neighbor; evenin'!"

By this time the girl had recovered her balance, and, smoothing a lock of red-dish hair from her temple with the palm of her hand, she said:

"I'd like fur to know what brings you all these here miles, interferin' with other folks, when the Lord knows there's 'nuff hoein' an' things to do to keep any man busy, if he's got ord'n'ry ambition."

Without noticing her comment the old man turned to the bridegroom and said:

"I'm too late, ain't I?"

"Ef you mean that we're married, there ain't no doubt but what ye air," replied the youth, who was also recovering firmness. "An' I must say," he went on with a smile at his own sarcasm, "as how we hain't got you to thank for help much, neither."

Her father pulled at his untrimmed grizzled beard, and looking steadily at the sky through the open door on his right said slowly and in a monotone:

"Jim Swithers, I bin a neighbor o' your'n ever since you were born, ain't I?"

"Yes, you have."

"An' I allus spoke of ye as a likely young man. Your father an' me was the best kind of frien's, an' I allus acted as if I had your welfare at heart. Lended you money an everythin', didn't I?"

"Yes."

"An' I done my best to keep ye from marryin' this gal, didn't I?"

"You did, sure."

"Why?" and he made a rhetorical pause. "Cause I knowed her. I brung her up, and it was all me an' her mother an' the rest of the family could do to manage her."

The girl tossed her head and sniffed.

"And I tell you," the old man went on, "that without no one to help you but yourself, you've got a mighty big contract on your hands. I'd uv saved you if I could, and now things bein' as they air, I'll stand by you best I kin."

He extended his hand to the young man, and after the grim semblance of congratulations the party passed down the street toward the depot.

THE MAJOR AND HIS RETRIEVER.

New York Herald.

THE START.

"THERE'S ONE!"

THE SHOT

BROUGHT IN.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A Good Neighborhood.

Foley—"Have you nice neighbors?"

Patterson—"Elegant. Why, they spend the fall and winter in Florida and the spring and summer in Newport."

Talking Horse.

Tommy—"Pa, some ladies told ma today that you were the better horse of the two. What did they mean by that?"

Pa—"They meant, Tommy, that *I* was so gentle that even a lady could manage me."

The Daily Story.

Managing Editor—"Have you got the name of the office that has been offered to Ex-Senator Blair to-day?"

Telegraph Editor—"Not yet, sir."

Managing Editor—"Wire to Washington for it instantly and then go to press."

A Good Substitute.

Hojack—"I can't find a piece of blotting paper."

Tomdik—"Here, use this postal card."

A Selfish Vice.

Snodgrass—"A man who buys lottery tickets is necessarily a selfish man."

Snively—"How do you make that out?"

Snodgrass—"He's always looking out for number won."

Reversing the Regular Thing.

Passmore—"So you are married I hear?"

Hipple—"Yes."

"Gone to live with the girl's parents, I suppose?"

"No; they have come to live with me."

A Question of Duration.

He—"You don't think I stay too late, do you?"

She—"No. My complaint is the other way."

He—"You mean I leave too early?"

She—"No. You come to early."

That Made a Difference.

Twynn—"I wish you would lend me $5, Triplett. I want to go out of town."

Triplett—"Here it is. Are you going to be gone long?"

Twynn—"No, I'll be back to-morrow."

Twynn (replacing the bank note in his pocket)—"On second thought I find I shall need it myself."

Prevarication Excused.

Grace—"Maud says she was born in 1872."

Ethel—Well, she never could remember dates at school and of course her memory gets worse as she grows older."
—[The Epoch.

The Only Proper Thing to Say.

"What do you say to a tramp after dinner?" asked Walker, anxious for a walk.

"Nothing. I unchain the dog."—[Puck.

"WHAT CAN WE DO?"

Tolstoi Preaches His Gospel With the Russian Famine as a Text.

Some literary person of St. Petersburg, no doubt an ardent admirer of Tolstoi, wrote to the shoemaker and author and nobleman for advice, says the New York *Sun*. "What shall we do to help the starving peasants?" inquired this person. Tolstoi answered at length.

"I wish with all my heart," wrote the count, "that I could express what I think and feel on this question of the famine. I think and feel, in brief, that the famine exists and can but increase, but that a famine cannot be overcome by collecting alms and by distributing bread to those in need of it." After reviewing the social conditions which have produced this and other famines in Russia, he says:

"I think it is necessary that we use all our powers to combat these primal causes of famine, but to ask aid of the government and to take up collections are entirely useless proceedings, and can have only pernicious results. To take up collections! You will always find ready for that sort of thing good-natured persons, persons who live without ever giving a thought to the people unless it be to misunderstand or despise them. But they are suddenly seized by a frenzy of pity for their dear brothers in distress. Oh, yes! these people are very responsive to the call of the collections.

"I think one cannot suddenly turn to good works because there is a famine, for doing good is a thing of yesterday and the day before, to-morrow and the day after, famine or no famine. There is but one remedy against famine. It is necessary that men should give themselves as far as possible to good works at all times. The good work does not consist in giving bread to him that hungers but in loving the hungry and assisting them. It is more important to love than to give bread, for one may have bread without loving, but one may not love without giving bread.

"I am writing this less for you than for those persons to whom I find myself so often opposed on this subject, who assert that to collect alms and to distribute them is a good work without being able to see that a good work is a work of love only, and that a work of love is a work of sacrifice. Therefore, to your question; 'What shall be done?' I reply: 'Let the spirit of love for one another be born in the heart of men, not love because of famine, but love above all and at all times.' But it seems to me that this negative could be done by writing a book which would touch the hearts of the rich. Write it, if God will permit you. For myself I should be most happy if God should order me to write it."

TOO INDULGENT BY FAR.

The Small Boy Was Too Much for His Fond Papa.

"Yes," said Mr. Easyman to the Rev Dr. Prudent, the new minister, who was paying his parishioner a friendly visit; "you are unquestionably right. I do not believe in being over-stern with children. Now, mine treat me as they would an elder brother or playmate. No scampering up-stairs when they hear my latch-key turn in the door. Not much! Make your home cheerful—that's my motto."

A frowsy-haired youth of some six summers appeared on the scene at this juncture, says the New York *Herald*. After eying the clergyman critically for a moment, he broke out with:

"Say, pa, what is a jay?"

An ominous frown settled upon the brow of the indulgent parent as he replied: "A jay, my son, is a rather showy bird, having a low, erectile crest of feathers and—"

"But, pa, they can fly, can't they?"

"Certainly, my boy. They are noted, too, for their propensity to chatter, and, for instance, to ask foolish questions."

The frown deepened as the boy went on:

"But how can they fly, pa, without any wings?"

"My son, I think I heard your ma calling you a few moments ago——"

"Yes, pa, I'm g ing; only as I heard you tell ma last night that our new minister was a regular jay I just wanted to come in here to see whether he could fly. Say mister (to the astonished clergyman), you ain't got any feathers, have you?"

There was a sudden rush on the part of the indulgent parent, followed by the sudden disappearance of the youthful inquisitor. Then came a series of discordant howls from the hall beyond.

"My dear sir," observed the parent upon entering the room, "while I admit I am a kind and indulgent parent, why——"

At this point the front door was heard to slam violently. The minister had disappeared and now Mr. Easyman is talking about renting a pew in another church.

THE MODERN NAUTCH GIRL.

When Things Don't Go to Suit Her She Strikes.

At some of the great Hindoo temples in India it is the custom, handed down from immemorial ages, to keep a permanent staff of dancing girls on the premises. These light-limbed damsels take a prominent part in the religious ceremonies, jigging it gayly when directed by the priests. In return they not only receive handsome salaries, but are entitled to many valuable privileges, and the position is consequently eagerly sought for by the nautching sisterhood. But they do not lay claim to any particular odor of sanctity; rather the contrary, indeed, if travelers' tales may be believed. Decidedly high-spirited and great sticklers for their professional rights, the young ladies brook no priestly interference with their private relations; so long as they dance gracefully when called upon, they consider that their part of the contract is fulfilled. Unhappily, the demon of discord has entered into this happy family. In an evil hour the priests of a famous temple in the Madras Presidency lately determined to reduce the emoluments of their dancing assistants, which had gradually grown beyond all reasonable bounds. But they little reckoned what would follow; within twenty-four hours every one of the fair bevy went on strike and as a particularly grand ceremony had to be performed just then to which dancing was a necessary accessory, the holy men themselves had to prance about, much to the edification of pious worshipers. That one sharp lesson sufficed; in the course of a day or two the retrenchment decree was rescinded, leaving the victory with the fair rebels. The times are certainly marching apace when the spirit of trade unionism thus catches hold of the Indian nautch girl. No doubt we shall hear before long that she is cultivating the methods required to make picketing effective.

MISJUDGED THE DISTANCE.

Blinded by Electric Lights One War Ship Runs Into Another During Battle.

Naval projectors are fitted with a shade which, by moving a small lever on the outside of the cylinder, can be manipulated so as to cover and reveal the arc. In this manner the projector can be used for signaling at night between two or more vessels, or between a vessel and the shore. For signaling in this way the Morse code is used, short flashes representing the dots and long flashes the dashes. By displaying and shutting off the beam directed against the clouds and using the Morse code of signals, communication has been maintained between two vessels at sea seperated by a distance of 60 miles.

The following incident is an illustration of what may result from the misguided use of projectors in naval maneuvers, says a writer in *Electricity*. The orpedo boat Edmond Fontaine, 125 feet long, and having on board a crew of twenty officers and men, was engaged in an attack on the harbor of Cherbourg during the French naval maneuvers this summer. In the heat of the battle the Fontaine, which belonged to the attacking fleet, attempted to pass in front of the Surcouf, one of the ships defending the harbor. The Surcouf rammed the Fontaine.

The cause of the collision was that the projector of one of the other ships of the defending fleet was kept steadily directed on the torpedo boat. The commander and quartermaster of the Fontaine were blinded by the dazzling rays, and could not distinguish the surrounding vessels nor judge distances correctly. Believing himself to be farther away from the approaching ship than he really was, the commander of the Fontaine kept on his course, running straight across her bows, and his boat was rammed almost dead amidships.

WHEN THE LAMP IS LIGHTED.

A Joke on an Archbishop.

An amusing story of the late archbishop of Canterbury is told by Mr. Boyd in his reminiscences of that prelate in Long man's Magazine. It is vouched for as literall true, the writer's authority being Dean Stanley, who related it in Archbishop Tait's presence at a bishop's dinner at Lambeth. On one of his latest visits to a certain country house in a Scottish country Dr. Tait went alone to the postoffice to send a telegram to his brother. He wrote it out: "The Archbishop of Canterbury to Sheriff Tait," and handed it in. The skeptical old postmaster read it aloud in contemptuous tones: "The Archbishop of Canterbury!" and added: Wha may ye be that takes this cognomen?" The archbishop, taken aback, remained silent for a moment. The morning was cold and he had a woolen comforter wrapped round his neck; but on second view the postmaster thought he looked more respectable than on the first and added: Maybe ye're the gentleman himself." Tait replied, modestly, "For want of a better, I am." On which the good old Scot hastened to apologize for his first suspicion of impossure a ided: "I might have seen you were rather consequential about the legs." Then he added words of cheer, which Tait said truly were vitally Scotch; "I have a son in London, a lad in a shop, and he gead to hear ye preach one day and was verra weel satisfied."—[San Francisco News-Letter.

Getting Streightened Out.

Well, Clara," said that young woman's father," looking into the parlor, where she sat alone, as he was on his way up to bed about 10 o'clock, "what's become of that young popinjay, Jones, who used to sit around here six or seven nights a week? I haven't seen him for nearly a fortnight."

"How can you speak so disrespectfully of him, pa, when he is to be your son-in-law?"

"Oh, he is, is he?"

Yes, pa."

"Well, where is he?

"Oh, he is off on a vacation. He takes a late one, you see."

"Oh, just so. Then it's really settled about him, is it?"

"Yes, pa."

"And he will soon be sitting around here again, I suppose?"

"Yes, pa, next week, I hope."

"Hum! Well, he is better than that popinjay, Robinson and Emerson also, who formerly came here."

"Please, pa, speak of Mr. Robinson and Mr. Emerson also with more respect."

"Why so?"

"Because they are my brothers now."
—[Exchange.

Love's Mighty Power.

Professor Smythe was once lecturing in a provincial town on natural philosophy, and in the course of his experiments he introduced a most powerful magnet, with which he attracted a block of steel from a distance of two feet.

"Can any of you conceive a greater attractive power?" demanded the lecturer, with an air of triumph.

"Yes, sir, I can," answered a voice in the audience.

"Not a natural terrestrial object?"

"Yes, indeed, sir."

The lecturer, somewhat nettled, challenged the man who had spoken to name the article.

Then up rose old Timothy Tinkle. Said he: "I will give you the facts professor, and you can judge for yourself. When I was a young man there was a little piece of natural magnet done up in calico and dimity, as was called Betsy Mariah. She could draw me fourteen miles every Sunday, over plowed land, just as natural as you'd sit down to your breakfast. There wasn't any resis tin' her. That ere magnet o' yourn is pr etty good but it isn't anything to Betsy Mariah."—[Tid Bits.

Thoughtless Man.

She was very rich but slightly passe and he was poor.

"Yor are so beautiful," he whispered as they sat out in the ambent light of the harvest moon and the languorous music of the orchestra in the distant ball-room was waifed to them sweet and low on the evening air.

She did not take her hand away as she felt the warm pressure of his upon it.

"But beauty fades," she sighed, regretfully, and there was a touch of bitterness in her tones.

"Yes," said he abstractedly, "I had noticed that."

She snatched her hand from his and with a scornful look froze him to the spot, so that the iceman picked him up with his tongs in the morning and delivered him at the kitchen door.—[Detroit Free Press.

The Man Who Slept.

It was a hot day all over New York, says the *World*, but there seemed to be more hotness in the Broadway cars than anywhere else. In one of them, which was toiling down-town from Twenty-third street, every man had his hat off and every woman was fanning herself with anything that would create a breeze. As every body felt sleepy no one was surprised when a fat man placed his dove-colored beaver on the seat beside him and closed his eyes and nodded at intervals as if some one were pulling a string to bring about such a motion. At Union square a man who had been asking a policeman where to find Clinton place got on. He might have been wondering whether the street-cars at ho me had broken into the cornfield, or a tin peddler had come along and hooked that sheepskin nailed up on the coroner door. At any rate, his mind seemed far away as he sat down alongside the sleeper. He didn't even mind the noise as his 180-pound agricultural avoirdupois flattened that hat as thin as an old-fashioned flapjack. Everybody waked up and nudged and chuckled and grinned—all but the fat man. He slept on until the conductor pathetically announced that Bleeker street had been reached. He wanted to get off there. He awoke with a start, jumped to his feet, and called out as he looked around:

"Where's my hat? Stop the car! Here, are you sitting on my hat?"

"Mebbe I be," said the man who wanted to find Clinton place. "Is this it?"

He held up to view a circular object which would have stopped a six-inch stovepipe hole, with something to spare. It was the hat.

"Blast you, sir, but you've ruined my hat!" shouted the owner.

"Yes—jess so—sat right down on it!" replied the other.

"That hat cost me $5, sir."

"Exactly. They never get much below five!"

"You sat dbwn on it."

"Yes, I know. Kinder felt it slidin' around. Better draw it over a hitching-post to get the shape back."

"If you'll get off the car I'll lick you in less'in two minutes!"

"Jess so—jess so," replied the other. "Well I ain't goin' to get off. I'm no fighter, and it's too hot to wrastle anybody back-hold. Cut some notches in the rim and make a buz-saw of it!"

A Perfect Jonah.

Miss Laymlow—Really, Mr. Squirmley, I do not think that you had better take me out. You don't know what a perfect Jonah I am, and always will be.

Mr. Squirmley—(seizing a long-awaited chance)—Oh, Miss Laym—Clara—let me be the whale.

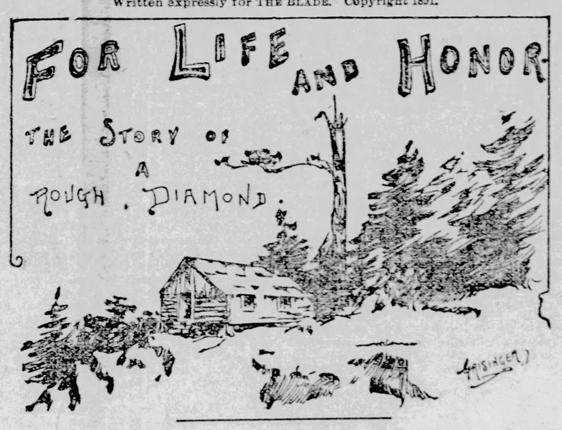
Miss Laymlow—This is very sudden, Mr. Squirmley. But I have no desire for a three days' engagement.—[Puck.

Nicer Than Ashes.

Ordinary rubber ink erasers, it is said, will remove rust from polished cutlery, without injury.

Our Serial Story.

Written expressly for THE BLADE. Copyright 1891.



CHAPTER XX.

KATE SURRENDERS AT DISCRETION.

When Harry left the room Kate followed him to the door, which she locked, in order that George might be safe from intrusion. As she returned to her seat, George reappeared from behind the curtains, and drawing a chair near her, seated himself, with the explanation: "Ah, Kate, it is like old times to be sitting here talking with you again."

There was a slight feeling of constraint on the part of the girl. She felt her whole being going out in love for George, and the effort to preserve a perfectly calm and impassive manner gave her an air of reserve foreign to her open, sunny nature. She smiled slightly at George's words, and then replied: "Yes, those were pleasant days. But, like all the rest of our childhood, they are gone, leaving but the memories."

"I do not see, Kate," argued the young man, "that it is necessary to remind me so pointedly that they are in the past. I certainly hope to spend many, very many more of the same sort with yourself—and Harry."

"Yes," she replied confusedly. "I hope that the clouds may roll away and the future be brighter than the present."

A sad expression drifted over Tempest's face. "I am in a false position," said he. "I realize now how foolish I was to allow myself to be considered dead. I should have notified Harry and your father and have kept the search for the criminal alive."

"It may be better that you did so. He will not dream that any effort will be made to further investigate the affair, and it may be all the easier to discover him from his not being on his guard."

"Yes," sighed the young man wearily. "Then, again, your father kindly sent me a very heavy draft while I was at St. Louis. I felt that it was necessary to do something to secure funds of my own. The whole thing has been an unfortunate muddle from beginning to end. I have been, at every point, in a dilemma. Had I merely remained in hiding, I should have been compelled, sooner or later, to apply to him again for funds, and I would by no means do that."

"Why not?" inquired Kate, warmly. "My father is the executor of your uncle's estate and you were the heir. Why should you not ask him to send you whatever sum you might need out of your own property?"

"Simply because I was resolved that I would not. I determined that I would, if possible, use the money I then had and obtain enough of my own to push the investigation; and I have done so."

"That's just like you, George," returned Kate, with a sparkle of her old-time animation. "You are certainly one of the most pig-headed individuals that I ever knew. If you once determine on a line of conduct, there is no way that I know of changing your resolution."

"I think, Kate, that it would be very easy for me to change any resolution I might have made, if you would ask it."

"Nonsense, George! Don't talk in that way," replied she, with a pretty show of asperity, though her heart beat with delight at his words. "This is no time to be making flattering speeches of that sort. You know you are stubborn in disposition."

"And, still, you know, Kate, that I have been accused of cowardice and vacillation for my conduct in this whole miserable business. Because I fled from arrest and certain death at the hands of a senseless mob, I was branded a coward; and because I allowed myself to be thought dead and stayed away a year, I have no doubt I have been charged with indecision of character."

"Why, George, what do you mean by saying such things? I should like to know what you think of us that you could imagine such base things? Every one of our family thinks that you did exactly the right thing, that you were driven to that line of conduct by the unfortunate circumstances in which you were placed. We all feel that way—even little Rill. You have no warmer friend or stronger defender than she."

"Forgive me, Kate," answered he. "But, indeed, I have been so lonely and wretched in my exile, that I fear that I have been losing faith in all human kind. I know that I have tested your generous friendship too often for me to ever doubt."

"Well, I should think so," responded she warmly. "Now you are talking like yourself."

"You spoke of Rill just now," said George. "I long to see the dear little thing again."

"Indeed, you won't know her, George," exclaimed Kate with animation. "She is just the prettiest, sweetest little creature that ever lived. She has improved amazingly, wonderfully, in the year that she has been with us."

"I have no doubt of it, Kate. I judged that there were wonderful capabilities in her during the time that I was up in the mountains."

"She is as beautiful as a picture," pursued Kate, with enthusiasm. "No one could recognize now in her the little, sun-burned mountain girl."

"Will she ever be half as pretty as yourself, Kate?"

These words were said with such seriousness and evident earnestness of purpose that Kate blushed in spite of herself. "Pray, George, don't," answered Kate. "Please reserve all nonsense until ——"

"Until I am no longer a suspected criminal, is what you mean, I suppose," answered he, with a somewhat dejected air. "But, indeed, Kate, there was not a particle of nonsense intended. As I sat here gazing upon you and admiring your beauty, the words came naturally and truthfully to my lips."

The brilliant color again surged up in Kate's cheeks, and then as suddenly died out. The thought of Irma Montaldo had crossed her mind for the first time.

When Harry had returned from that memorable visit to Rosita, bringing Rill back with him, she had, of course, heard the story of Irma's mysterious visit to her brother at the hotel, and of her horseback ride in Harry's company to rescue George. Neither Harry nor the colonel had said anything concerning Irma and her mysterious disappearance on the occasion of their trip to Rosita with Detective Tipton. That branch of the subject had been by tacit consent dropped in discussing the matter in the presence of the ladies of the family. But the former episode had made a very strong impression upon Kate's mind. She had questioned Rill upon the matter and had obtained a full knowledge of everything that had transpired, so far as the girl knew. Many and many a hour had Kate spent in puzzling over the matter and in tormenting doubt over the question whether George loved the dark-eyed Mexican girl.

Her unbounded joy over his reappearance, as if new-risen from the dead, had driven all thoughts of Irma from her mind, and the remembrance had not come to her till his frank expression of admiration for herself suddenly brought it up. Poor Kate, she was in perplexity. Before her sat the man whom her heart owned as its king, his eyes looking love into hers. Yet at her heart there was an unspeakable pain, a gnawing feeling of jealousy against this unknown girl. Had George Tempest the right to use such words to her, to any woman save Irma Montaldo?

"Pray don't speak so to me, George," said Kate, answering his last remark, "preserve your compliments for some one who is entitled to hear them."

A shade of anxiety passed over the young man's face. "What do you mean, Kate? Are not you entitled to hear such words from me?" Then rising, he stepped before her, and went on impetuously: "There is no one else on this green earth to which I could say words of love except yourself. Oh, Kate, Kate, dear Kate, do you not know, can you not see, that I love you and you only, that I have loved you for years? I never knew how much until I was a wanderer, an exile! I was cut off from you, as if the grave had opened between us, for you supposed me dead. You were in my thoughts by day, my dreams by night."

Kate hid her burning face in her handkerchief and bent her head upon the table at her side. Every fibre of her being pulsated with joy at his words, but she thought of the Mexican girl and kept silence.

"I beg your pardon, Kate, for this sudden avowal, but this is the first time that I have been alone with you since my return, and it seemed to me that I could not help but speak. I know I should have waited until I could come to you a free man—not a fugitive with a price upon his head."

The young man strode up and down the room in uncontrollable agitation. Stopping at her side, he dropped upon one knee and gently taking her hand in his, went on: "Forgive me, Kate, for being so rash, so impetuous—but I love you, dearest, I think I have always loved you. I know I am not worthy, but tell me, oh! tell me, can I hope to have your love in return?"

Kate's hand lay unresisting in both his own. She lifted her blushing face from the folds of her handkerchief, and placing the other hand upon his folded ones, spoke frankly:

"You know, George, it makes a difference to me what the world thinks of you. I know that you are innocent."

"And you love me, darling?" cried he, exultingly.

A deeper wave of crimson glowed in her cheeks, as she replied in a low tone: "Yes, George, I do love you, and I believe that I have done so since I was a little girl. But—"

"I thank God!" breathed George reverently, as he bent over and gently kissed

GEORGE AND KATE.

the little hand lying upon his own. "And some day, when I am vindicated, you will be my wife."

"You interrupted me before I finished," said Kate. "Before I answer your last question you must first answer me. Have you the right, George, to ask me to be your wife?"

"Have I the right, Kate!" exclaimed the young man, with a look of astonishment. "Certainly I have the right. Do you think so basely of me as to suppose that I would speak thus to you, unless I were free to do so?"

The tears sprang into Kate's eyes. "Do not misunderstand me, George. I believe in you in spite of myself, but there is a doubt in my mind that you can easily solve. Have you never made such an avowal to another woman?"

"As God hears me, I never did," answered the young man fervently. "Of whom were you speaking? Who is it that you mean?"

"I mean—Irma Montaldo," responded Kate in a low tone, casting her eyes downward.

George grasped her hand and pressed it fervently. "I never loved Irma Montaldo, Kate. I never spoke one word of love to her. I have never loved any woman but you. I have never spoken a word of love to any other woman but yourself. I swear it. Say that you believe me, dearest."

"I do, George," was the low response.

"And you will marry me, dearest?" he whispered.

"Yes," breathed she, in so low a tone that only the ears of a lover could interpret it.

George's arm stole about her, he drew her head gently over on his shoulder, and for the first time since childhood their lips met.

"My own darling," whispered he. "Mine forever and ever!"

Kate smiled amid her blushes, but said nothing. She was too happy for words, and lay reclining upon his arm, a measureless content filling her soul.

But George could not be silent. After the manner of all happy lovers he called her all manner of endearing names, and talked to her of the fateful day when he should call her wife for the first time.

Suddenly Kate sat upright. The thought of Mr. Erastus Clayton had just crossed her mind.

"What is the matter, dearest?" asked George.

"Oh, George, what will papa say to all this? What will mamma say, and Harry?"

"I do not know," said the young man in a confident tone, "but I venture to predict that they'll not prove obdurate. It will be hard, but I suppose it will be better to say nothing to them until after the affair of the murder is settled—if it ever is settled," a shadow crossing his face.

"No, no, George, please don't say that; let us have no secrets from them," pleaded Kate.

"Just as you will, my queen," answered he.

Just then the clock on the mantle chimed out. Kate looked up in affright.

"Oh, dear, George," exclaimed she, how long Harry has been in the library, talking with papa! He may return at any moment, and"—here an ingenuous blush rose to her face—"I would not have him see me now for the world. I must go to my room before he comes." And she arose hurriedly.

"Very well, dearest; but it is hard to part with you after I have won you."

"Yes, yes, I know, but I must go."

"Shall I see you to-morrow, Kate? Please say yes," pleaded the young man, as he stepped to her side and placed his arm about her waist.

"I hope we shall see each other to-morrow night," responded she. She stood for a moment, her eyes cast down, toying with the button on his coat. "And if we have opportunity," she went on, slowly, "will you, dear George, tell me just one little thing?"

"Assuredly, my darling. What is it?"

Her fingers were very busy with that particular button. "Won't you please tell me all about Irma Montaldo?" she whispered.

A flush mounted to George's brow, and a slight look of pain crossed his face.

"Certainly, my darling, if you wish it. I have no secrets from you now."

"Then, good-night. I shall claim your promise to morrow evening, if possible."

"Good-night, my darling Kate," he said, as he imprinted a second kiss upon her rosy lips.

Kate darted away, and George, throwing himself into the easy chair, gave way to happy day dreams. From this pleasant occupation he was roused by the entrance of Harry. The matter of taking the Colonel into their confidence was discussed and decided affirmatively, George leaving Harry to make the disclosure.

"It is an excellent thing," said Harry, "that Tipton finished his errand just at this particular time. As soon as he reaches San Francisco, we will again put him at work at Rosita. You will be here to give him all the necessary information that he may require, and I hope that his success may be speedy."

"I hope so, too," was George's earnest reply. "But, do you know, Harry, that I often feel that the secret of that murder will never be discovered, and that I will be doomed to spend my life under the ban?"

"Nonsense, George," was Harry's reply. "I, on the other hand, feel perfectly confident of success. At any rate, you know, even if the real murderer is not discovered, we can array such evidence as will clear you from all participation in it."

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. ERASTUS CLAYTON TURNS RUSTY.

"Harry," said Rill, "pray tell me what is the matter with everybody? Is there any trouble?"

Rill had come to the library to consult some work of reference, and while there Harry had entered the room. The time was five days later than the events narrated in the last chapter.

"Why, little girl, I don't see that things are particularly different from the usual run of events," answered Harry lightly. "What makes you think that something has happened?"

"Oh, everything. Kate is quiet and abstracted; she does not seem unhappy, though. But she is always thinking about something, and I can hardly get a chance to talk with her any more. Then, you and the Colonel are very busy, and altogether I feel as if there were something in the air."

"And does it worry you, Rill?"

"Yes, it does, Harry. I don't want to pry into affairs, but I am afraid that there is some trouble. Won't you please tell me what it all means?"

Harry smiled down into the bright, eager face, upturned to his own. "I am afraid that you are a little gossip, Rill. Perhaps you have been studying too hard and are slightly morbid, though that does not seem possible with your sunny temper. It is true that the colonel and I have been deeply engaged with some business matters, and shall be for some time; but there is nothing of the nature of disaster or sorrow about it. As for Kate, I really can't tell you what is the matter. Do you know, Rill," he continued, smiling, "that I have thought some times lately that perhaps our sister Kate is in love?"

Rill gazed at him reflectively for a moment. "No, Harry, I think not."

"And why, little girl?"

"Because she is too quiet. Now, if I were in love," said she, blushing slightly, "I should be so happy that I would be bright and lively all the time. That is, if I were sure that I were loved in return," she went on ingenuously. "I did not think of that part of it. Maybe, Kate is in love and is not certain that she is loved in return?"

"That was pure conjecture on my part, Rill. I fancy, however, that there is nothing particularly the matter with Kate."

"Well," and the girl shrugged her shoulders slightly, "I am certain of one thing and that is that you are all changed. I don't know what is the matter, but Mrs. Vandeveer is the only person about the house who is just the same as ever."

"The dear mother is always that way," answered Harry. "Ever since I can remember she was the same sweet-tempered person you see her now."

"I can well believe that. She has the sweetest disposition of any person I ever met." And Rill turned to leave the room.

"Don't go, Rill. I am not busy to-day, at least not just at present, and you might give me the pleasure of your society for a little time," pleaded Harry.

"And if I sit here talking with you, how am I to get my history lesson? And then Miss Barton will be vexed with me if I don't have it."

"Oh, bother the history lesson!"

The necessity for reply was obviated by the entrance of Mrs. Vandeveer.

"Harry, are you at leisure? If you are, will you kindly step to my room for a few minutes?"

"Certainly, mother," replied the young man, dutifully.

Rill fled from the library, and Harry accompanied his mother to her room.

"Harry," said Mrs. Vandeveer, when they were alone, "I am much concerned about your sister Kate, and I wish for your aid. You can do more in this matter than your father. Have you noticed Kate's evident preoccupation of late?"

"Now that you call my attention to it, mother, I think that probably Kate has been a little different from her usual self of late," replied Harry, guardedly.

"I thought it would be impossible that you had not noticed it," responded she. "The fact is, Harry, one week ago to night, Mr. Erastus Clayton proposed for Kate's hand."

Harry bowed, but kept silent.

"You know that he has been for a long time very attentive to her. Your father and myself discussed the matter a short time ago and virtually decided that if Kate's affections were really engaged we would interpose no obstacle, although I must say that neither of us particularly admire the young man. Kate asked time to consider this proposal and to-day was fixed as the date on which he was to receive his answer."

"Has she yet given it?" inquired Harry.

"Yes, she told me a short time ago that on yesterday she wrote him a note, declining the honor. By this morning's mail she received a reply which disturbed her greatly, and it is on this which I wish to consult you. Here is his note."

Harry took the letter and ran his eye over it:

"MISS VANDEVEER—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your note of to-day. I should feel that I had no right to demur to it had you not for a year past led me to believe that my attentions were not displeasing to you. Had I dreamed last Tuesday night that you were but playing with me, I should never have subjected myself to the mortification of a refusal. You had no right to allow me for so long a time to continue attentions whose object must have been perfectly obvious to you, and then to subject me to the humiliation I now endure. I do not plead for a reconsideration at your hands. The very words of your note forbid me to indulge in any further hope. But allow me to say that I shall not fail to exact payment for the manner in which I have been treated. All is now plain to me. I have been made your dupe. You have deliberately played with me, making me a blind to hide from the world another love affair with some man whose addresses you dare not receive openly. Twice within the past week you have been seen walking in the evening on retired streets with a man. I have watched your manner with him. I know that you love him. Let him beware, for he shall feel the vengeance which your sex prevents me from visiting on yourself. He has been watched to the obscure lodging, in which he is concealed. ERASTUS CLAYTON."

"The infernal hound!" hissed Harry. "I will break every bone in his body the moment I can get my hands on him!"

"No, no, Harry," pleaded his mother, "Be calm,

OLD TIMES AT WEST POINT

CAPTAIN KING'S REMINISCENCES.

How the Boys Passed the Nights—Antics of the Yearlings—Breezy Description of One Eventful Night.

[Written for the Blade by Capt. Charles King, U. S. A. Copyright, 1891.]

ANY one would suppose that the average "old cadet," having kept the blebe either at drill or at work from reveille at 5 a. m. until "taps" at 10 p. m., would grant him the boon of a night's rest, but, looking backward over that eventful camp of 1862, I can not recall one night, fair or foul, of uninterrupted slumber. I can recall many during which, in our plebe hotel, at least, the occupants enjoyed not a wink of sleep.

When "taps" sounded at 10 o'clock the cadet captains and lieutenants patrolled their company streets a few minutes, smoking their pipes (for smoking was then allowed) and chatting in low tones. The commandant and the four officers detailed as his assistants had their tents in camp and were supposed to sleep there, but no such discipline was maintained then as now, and so far as protection to the plebe was concerned, these excellent instructors and accomplished tacticians might just as well have been in Jericho. Any one outside the line of sentries would have been impressed with the silence and order that reigned in camp from the instant the drum-beat signalled, and the cadet captains' voices echoed "put out those lights!"

But we fellows "on the inside" could have told a different story. I tremble to think how many a name now honored and distinguished in the engineers and in the line of the army would have been incontinently stricken from the rolls in '62 had it not been for the plebe ethics that held us to uncomplaining silence as to the pranks of our tormentors. Their methods were numberless, but the most appoved consisted of "yanking," "tent dropping," "blanket tossing" and "smoking out."

"Yanking" was simple enough in principle, and, in practiced hands, arose to the plane of high art. Every cadet was supposed to "make down his bedding" after tattoo roll call and, except the officers, to be snugly esconced therein at "taps." Each tent was provided with a board floor that, in the plebe hotels, at least, was speedily worn smooth. On this, folded double lengthwise, the plebe spread his blanket, rolled himself in his extra blanket, if he had one, and in his "commissary comforter" if he had not; put his pillow on the upper end of the blanket; his head on his pillow; his heels toward the front of the tent; breathed a silent prayer to the throne of grace for protection during the coming hours of darkness (until sad experience taught him that even divine providence seemed to turn a deaf ear to plebe petitions), and then awaited results. Presently a noiseless hand would raise the tent flap in front; a shadowy form would stop; a powerful grasp be laid upon the end of the blanket and—swish—bump—h-r-r-r—in a cloud of dust, plebe, pillow, and bedding would be sprawling in the middle of the company street. A smothered laugh from the neighboring yearling tents; a nimble run and duck under the canvas of his tent, and the perpetrator of the "yank" would be snoring under his blankets while the hero of the involuntary side would, perchance, find himself confronted by some stern-voiced cadet and the unanswerable inquiry: "What do you mean, sir, by being out of your tent at this hour of the night—and improperly dressed?" All the poor fellow could do was to slink back to his dark abode, make down his blanket again and wait for the next. Between 10 and 11 "yanking" was not general, as the yearling might run upon an officer, either graduate or undergraduate, a member of the guard or a cadet on duty, and any one of these when questioned by authority could only answer "on honor" or risk their own commissions by refusing repiy. By midnight at latest, however, the yearling "scouts" would report everybody "abed and asleep," or still out of camp, in case of some of the army officers, and then the fun would be fast and furious. Dozens of motivey young scamps, stealthy as Indians on the trail, would be scurrying from street to street, from tent to tent, and, like shooting stars, the plebes would be whirling out of their legitimate spheres all over camp. It was wearisome, exasperating, often wretched work for us, but we laughed at our own misery, as a rule, and took it all as philosophically as we knew how. When our yearling tormentors were jocular about the business we did not mind it much. It was occasionally the case that some old cadet would throw a deal of malice into the performance, and add sneering and contemptuous remarks, but such fellows were in the minority, and of the dozen, perhaps, whom I recall in my cadet days, all but one long since severed his connection with the service.

Sometimes, when worked up to a pitch of enthusiasm, the yearlings would not be content with simply sliding a fellow out of his tent, but two together would lay hold of the blanket and race him out of the company street to the blessed, dewy softness of the grass-grown parade, across the sentry post and send him whizzing down the weather-beaten counterscarp into the moist and shadowy depths of Fort Clinton ditch. Many's the time I have tried to hide there, rolled in my recovered blankets, and snatch an hour or two of placid sleep while my classmates were spinning around camp, but the sentry, who never could see the brace of old cadets running his post, was a model of soldierly inflexibility where the plebe was concerned. His searching eye would be sure to find the would-be hider and bring upon the plebeian head the vials of his denunciation.

"Back to your tent, sir, at once, unless you wish me to report you to the commandant for running sentry post after taps," and back to our tents obediently would we go. I hear, as I often heard then, some fellow who hadn't been through it all, say at this juncture: "I wouldn't let 'em yank me into the ditch. I'd roll off my blanket." Well—lots of us tried that—and wished we hadn't. The more one dodged what was done the more he got of what perhaps would not have been done had he simply taken it all as a matter of course. "Was there no attempt on the part of the authorities to stop it?" Goodness, yes! I remember several occasions when the sash and sword, the blue and gold of the officer-in-charge appeared in our company street, and while he was berating the cadet officers of the Company "A" for the fact that their "plebes" were shivering, blanket-laden, back to their violated abodes, the plebes of "B," "C" and "D" companies were being "snaked" out of their nests by the dozens, and no sooner had the indignant official hastened thitherwards to restore order than we would find an almost sepulchral quiet reigning—and we would again come bounding forth from our half-foot high door step.

One night, having been guilty of some infraction of the unwritten laws held sacred by yearling cadets, I was dragged forth about every two minutes and the thing was becoming monotonous. Somewhere toward 12:30, however, I found that three fellows had hold of my blanket and that a journey was in prospect. Over the color line we went, in the dim light of the waning moon. Out past the guard tents, unchallenged by sentry, unquestioned by the snickering cadet corporal whom I saw at the lightened tent of the officer of the guard; out over the wide barren of the cavalry plain and across the broad drive way. Then through deep, cool, grateful grass (rolling friction over pebbles, tent bogs, cobble stones, etc., is not pleasant), and finally down into the haunted depths of Execution Hollow.

There the trio left us, expecting doubtless that I would wearily pick up myself and my belongings and trudge back to camp.

But camp was pandemonium that night, and the historic hollow was cool, dewy, deserted. Here was peace. What in blazes did a bedevilled plebe care for the ghost of Andre or any other man? I lay low—like Brer Fox—slept sweetly and soundly for over an hour, and then out came the trio to fetch me home. Indeed it was nearly three when we got back to the familiar company street.

Next morning a broad, well defined "trail" led from the street of Company "A" straight across parade and plain to Execution Hollow. I knew what made it—so did my back and shoulders and blanket. But it was fun to us all to see the commancant scratching his head and looking at it and questioning the guard—but of course they couldn't imagine "who did it."

And yet—would you believe it?—the trio who gave me that yank, the longest of the camp of '62, were warm personal friends before we shed the gray—and have been ever since.

As for smoking out, tent-droppings, etc. But I have overrun my limit, and that will take another chapter.

CAPT. CHARLES A. KING, U. S. A.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Recent Literature.

The Latest Volumes that Have Reached the Blade Book Table.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York City publish in their series of "Makers of America," "The Life of General Houston," by Henry Bruce. It covers the time from 1793 to 1863, but a preliminary sketch is given of the Spanish conquest of America, of the discovery of Texas by the French and the death of LaSalle, the occupation by the Spaniards and the events that followed to the time when Texas and Louisiana were united under Spanish rule.

From the same publishers comes a story for girls, which, however, will be found very interesting by older people, entitled, "Witch Winnie's Mystery; or, The Old Oaken Cabinet." The author is Elizabeth W. Champney, the popular author of "Vassar Girls Abroad," etc.

The third volume of "Battle Fields and Victory," by Willis J. Abbot, has made its appearance. It is, as the readers of the former ones know, a narrative of the principal military operations of the civil war. This volume opens with the beginning of the year 1864 and follows the events from that time on to the close. This is also from Dodd, Mead & Co.

From them, too, comes a beautiful holiday book entitled, "Watch, Ho, Watch, or Life's Deep Sea." It is made up of selections referring particularly to the sea, and the illustrations are all in character. Upon the title page is a small marine view, around which is entwined a heavy coil of rope, and within the coil in script is the name of Elizabeth N. Little, who selected and illustrated the work. Each page is a revelation of beauty in itself. The line or two which is illustrated, is put in odd and beautiful lettering. The whole forms an excellent holiday souvenir.

This publishing house is also issuing some of the best works of George Sand, carefully translated. One of them is "The Haunted Pool," a favorite with the admirers of this author.

Another of George Sand's works is issued in two volumes, bound in cloth. The title is "The Countess Rudolstadt," and it is a sequel to "Consuelo."

A volume which is designed to show the farmer's side of the question of the financial questions of the day, and which appear under the title of "The Farmer's Side; His Troubles and Their Remedies" is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York City. The author, is Senajor W. A. Peffer, of Kansas.

Another book published by the Bowen-Merrill company, of Indianapolis, is one by the favorite author, Robert Malcolm Johnston. It is entitled "Studies—Literary and Social." The volume has been made partly out of selections from the series of class lectures at the Peabody institute in Baltimore, and partly from articles contributed to several American reviews during the last twenty years.

A romance which is issued by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York City, is entitled "The Lady of Cawnpore." The scenes of the incidents alternate between New York and Benares. The authors are Frank Vincent, who made his mark a decade ago by his "Land of the White Elephant." He wrote with Mr. A. E. Lancaster, who is well-known as a journalist in the Eastern cities, a poet, essayist and playwright.

A lovely holiday book, the author of which is an old favorite of the public, is entitled "An Old Sweetheart," by James Whitcomb Riley. One stanza is given upon every second page, and these with an appropriate illustration, some of them in colors and others in brown and white. The whole is gotten up with exquisite taste. Very heavy gilt edged cardboard is used and then firmly bound in an illuminated cover. This pretty volume is published by the Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Indiana.

From J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, comes one of Mrs. A. L. Wister's translations from the German. It is entitled "Countess Erik's Apprenticeship," and the author is Ossip Schubin, who was also the author of "O, Thou, My Austria," etc.

William O. Stoddard has given for the young people an Indian story that is extremely fascinating. It is entitled "Little Smoke," and is a tale of the Sioux. The story is illustrated by fourteen full page engravings, which are full of spirit and appropriate to the text. The boys will find the volume very fascinating.

A pretty story for girls is "Elsie's Vacation and After Events," by Martha Finley, who has written many other popular books for young people. A great deal of information is conveyed by means of this story, which the name of the author will commend to those who have read the Elsie books. Dodd, Meade & Co., New York city.

The following is a list of new stories by popular authors which have been recently published by G. W. Dillingham in paper covers: "Constance's Fate," a story of Denzil Place, by Violet Fane "Beatrice Cenci," a historical novel of the 16th century, translated from the Italian, by Prof. Monti, of Harvard University; "Lost Lenore," by Capt. Mayne Reid; "Peerless Cathleen," by Cora Agnew; "The Widower," by Julia P. Smith; "The Milton Tragedy," by Frank H. Cassedy; "A Marvelous Coincidence; or a Chain of Misadventure and Mystery," by Kinaham Cornwallis; and "The Social Revolution," by Henry Martel.

In the series of books entitled "Makers of America," which is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, is "The Life of Sir William Johnson and the Six Nations." This history covers that of the Mohawk valley during the years in which it was the domain of the six nations of the Iroquois confederacy.

Another volume of the same series is "Thomas Hooker," who is described upon the title page as Preacher, Founder, Democrat. The writer is Geo. Leon Walker, who has before in connection with "A History of the Hartford Church," in Connecticut, told the story of Mr. Hooker's life.

The same publishers give us "Life of Sir John Franklin and the Northwest Passage," by Captain Albert Hastings Markham. The name of Franklin has been prominently brought to the notice of students of geographical research during the present century as that of a skilful sailor, an ardent explorer, and above all things, a daring and successful Arctic navigator.

Part Second of that magnificent work, "The Fishes of North America," that are caught with hook and line, has made it appearance from the house of the Harris Publishing company, 10 Warren street, New York City. With each number comes two fish portraits on heavy plate paper. In this issue these are the Rainbow trout and Yellow perch. They were painted by J. L. Petrie and are repeated in lithographs in their natural colors, and are exceedingly accurate as to the tones of their colors. This is the life work of Mr. Harris, who is the editor of the *American Angler*.

In the Ruins of Pompeii.

Those who do not visit Pompeii every time they travel upon the Continent are surprised at the changes which are noticeable since last they looked upon the excavations of this most wonderful city. Recently two important additions have been made to the buildings which tourists are permitted to visit. They are the temple dedicated to Augustus, and the women's baths, which certainly, for thirty years, have been used for the storage of objects of art, says the Chicago *Graphic*. The latter is the only building in Pompeii in which are preserved intact, without any restoration, the ceilings of the rooms, and the pavement of the tepidarium is also intact. In the temple only one object—but that of great value to art—is preserved, the altar on which sacrifices were offered up.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Write for the Farmstead.

As the busy season draws to a close and the evenings grow longer, farmers, fruit growers, apiarists and others engaged in out-door pursuits, will have time to write for THE BLADE FARMSTEAD. This department of the paper can be made more than usually interesting if the proper effort is made to contribute liberally. Tell the best and most profitable way of doing things on the farm, in the garden, orchard, poultry yard and elsewhere. Tell how you feed, what you feed, how to raise calves, colts, sheep, swine, cattle and other stock. Write your experience in fruit and vegetable raising. These are but a few of the subjects you can write about. Begin now.

Knee Cap Hurt.

J. L., Illinois: An accident to the knee cap of the horse is of rare occurrence, but is usually of a character that leaves permanent lameness. Horsemen give the closest attention to injury of the knee. You do not say whether or not the knee cap was broken. If there was an escape of synovia or joint oil, with crack of the cap of the knee, your mare will very likely be permanently lame, under any treatment. If there was simply a cut, with escape of the oil, the usual way is to clean the cut carefully, clip the hair off all around it, and bring the edges together with sticking plaster, and bandage over it lightly with muslin. The head of the animal must be tied up so that it cannot lie down. If the skin is not broken, tie the head up, and sponge the knee with sal ammoniac, 1 oz.; nitrate of potash, 2 ozs.; water, 1 pint. But little beyond this can be done. Your description of the injury is not as complete as it should be; and the editor can only guess at the condition of the case. Your veterinary surgeon, having examined the leg, no doubt understands how better to treat the case than one who has not seen it. The methods of treatment differ. You have been given the ones usually carried out.

Foundered Horse.

S. D. F., Wisconsin: In laminitis, or founder, of recent occurence, poultice the feet for several days with linseed meal poultice or wrap the leg with heavy flannels and pour warm water on them. This must be kept up for five hours. The foot may be put in a bucket of pretty warm water, in addition to the wrappings. After the time named, change to cold water for two hours. Give as a physic 2½ drs. of powdered aloes and 1 oz. of bicarbonate of soda in a pint of warm water. After this operates give 1 oz. saltpetre in drinking water once a day for four or five days. The horse must be kept in a well bedded stall and blanketed warmly.

Crop-Bound Hen.

J. R. D., Kansas: The best thing that can be done when a fowl is crop-bound, is to cut the crop open and remove the contents. Then bring the edges of the cut together, being careful to pick up the inner lining, and make a few stitches with a needle and thread.

Sowing Rye.

W. R., Ohio: There are two varieties of rye, spring and winter, yet they belong to the same species. The winter variety should be sown between August 20 and September 20, the earliest requiring less seed, as it has longer time to fill up the ground. Five pecks is about the usual quantity sown, but it varies from one to two bushels, the richest lands demanding most.

Received.

Garden and Forest. This excellent journal of horticulture, landscape art and forestry fully maintains its high character. Office, Tribune building, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Tonic for Horses.

The Rhode Island Experiment Station gives the following formula for a mixture good for horses that are "off their feed" for no apparent reason: Ground or crushed oats, corn meal, of each five pounds; oil meal, ¼ pound; common table salt, 2 ounces. If the animal seems in need of a tonic or is troubled with intestinal worms, there may be mixed with each ration as above given, a dessert spoonful of powdered gentian, and a small teaspoonful of the dried sulphate of iron." It also copies the following from Stewart's "Feeding Animals:" Linseed oil cake, 25 pounds; flax seed, 10; molasses, 20; corn meal, 40; ground tumeric root, 1½; ginger, 2 ounces, caraway seed, 3 ounces; powdered gentian, 6 ounces; cream of tartar, 2 ounces; sulphur, 1 pound; salt, 1 pound; coriander seed, 10 ounces. The flax seed is to be boiled in ten gallons of water till it forms a thin mucilage; then one should stir in the drugs, salt and sulphur, and afterward the molasses, meal and oil cake.

How Beeswax is Made.

One of the most interesting productions of bees is beeswax, and the process of making it is one of the most curious. If you examine the under surface of a cell-building worker-bee you will find under the abdomen four pairs of white plates projecting from as many pockets in the rings of this part of the body. These are wax-plates, made from the life-blood of the workers, writes a correspondent of *Pacific Rural Press*. If you now examine with a lens one of the hind legs you will find that the stoutest joints are "square-shouldered" at the hinge, and that the hinge is well over to one side, so that the shoulders form a pair of jaws which open when the limb is bent, and close when it is straightened. The upper jaw has a row of spines which bite on a plate on the lower jaw. With this apparatus the worker-bee withdraws a wax-plate from its pocket, and by piercing it with these spines, transfers it to the front legs and then to the mouth, where it is laboriously masticated with a salivary secretion. Unless it undergoes this process it lacks the quality requisite for cell-building. Few people would imagine that the tons of this article produced in the United States originates from such a minute and wonderful laboratory of nature.

A Good Mulch.

A Western paper describes the way in which a crop of buckwheat is used as a mulch, which appears to answer well where land is cheap, and possibly in other places. An orchard of quite young trees for timber was set, on clean, well prepared and well pulverized land, and the ground was then sown quite thick with buckwheat. This grew and was left uncut, and protected the ground as a mulch through the following winter, and during the freezing and thawing of spring. Another crop was allowed to grow, and was left on the ground as before. The buckwheat mulch smothered the weeds, and reduced the labor of cultivation. The superiority of buckwheat for this purpose deserves notice, the straw being less fibrous than many other kinds of straw, and rotting down more readily, while according to analysis, it contains more phosphoric acid and potash, an advantage which is not always known or borne in mind when used as an enriching crop.

Excelsior Peach.

Mr. J. H. Hale writes to the *Country Gentleman* that, in his opinion, the Excelsior peach will help to extend the cultivation of peaches at the far north. In central Connecticut, a hundred miles north of a limit of safe peach-growing on the Atlantic coast, it is possible to struggle against borers, insects, the yellows and other discouragements with fair success, but the serious obstacles in the way of profitable peach-culture is the killing of fruit-buds by extreme frosts in winter, so that varieties like Late Crawford give only one full crop and two partial crops in twelve years. Oldmion, Stump, Keyport, White and Smock have given three full crops and as many partial ones in the same time, while Hill's Chile and Pratt have fruited nearly every year. Hill's Chile, however, is unattractive in appearance, and the Pratt rots badly on the tree. Mr. Hale has seen Excelsior fruit in New Hampshire when there was not another peach in all New England, and he is satisfied that it is a variety which can be trusted to bear every year. The tree is of the Hill's Chile type, although rather more dwarf in growth, but the fruit is much larger, richer and of brighter color, and without the "wool," which is so objectionable in Hill's Chile. It sells as well as the Crawford, and for family use is of better quality.

A Cheap Ice House.

Ice in summer is both a luxury and a necessity, and the ice crop is one that many farmers allow to go to waste.

Use 2x6 sills and plates, with 12 foot posts, with three courses 2x4 ribbing all around three feet apart, put in edgewise. Ceil with culls put on vertically, and make it a point to always get out of lumber when you get to the eves, so the gable end will be sure to be left open. Fill up the ground inside a little higher than the outside, then put down any old chunks of rails or joist, a little distance apart, and cover between and over with a foot of sawdust, or its equivalent in straw or pairie hay. Put your ice sixteen inches away from the wall, and fill between the ice and wall with sawdust or its equivalent and then get out of sawdust. You don't want ten or twelve inches of sawdust on top of the ice, as there is a latent heat in ice, and if too much covering on top, the heat will not be able to pass up through it and will turn back and honeycomb the ice. With a covering of twelve inches of sawdust, in every case an examination will show heat during the hot months by digging down a few inches.

Never put water on your ice as you fill your ice house, if you expect to remove the cakes of ice just as put in. In cold storage houses it is often the case that water is used to solidify the mass. In such cases use hot water with a sprinkler, as the moment the hot water comes in contact with the ice it congeals. Use cold water and it will run and spread, and if the ice is put in contact with the wall the chances are that in freezing it will spread the building.

The roof may be covered with culls. Suppose it does leak, the dripping will not extend down into the sawdust to any appreciable extent. A ventilator in the roof is not necessary with both gables open.—[CHAS. R. JACKSON in American Creamery.

Preparing Bees for Winter.

Are you thinking about getting the bees ready for winter? asks Dr. C. C. Miller in an exchange. I know it is early yet, but unless you begin to think about it long before it is time, you will find that a good many things will be put off until it is too late for them to be easily done. Bees can be united more easily when gathering honey than when every bee is on the alert to slaughter any intruder for fear that it is a robber. It is unsatisfactory to have a mere handful of bees in a hive for wintering, and it is well to unite them until there are none but colonies of respectable size. If bees are gathering honey, there is little trouble about uniting. If you see any signs of fighting a good smoking will help. Repeat, if necessary, till they promise to be good. English bee keepers report success in the use of flour for uniting. Sprinkle well with flour each colony of bees to be united, and by the time they get the flour cleaned off they will not know to which lot they belong. If you live where bees gather much surplus from autumn flowers, there is not the same need for haste in uniting weak colonies. It is well to see that the hives are well stocked for winter. It is best to do early any necessary feeding. There is less danger from robbing, and bees have time to get it in better shape. Good honey is a good winter food as you can get. It is wise to have some extra combs on hand to give to the needy. Remember that a little too much is just right. Bees are very uneven about the amount they consume. One colony may consume twice as much as another of equal strength. Bees seem to be more contented if there is no danger of famine. Besides, it is quite possible that a colony is warmer if the combs are well filled. At any rate they will not be likely to waste if they have more food than they really need.

Insect vs. Insect.

The Californians a few years since were in despair at the damage done by the cottony scale insect. Human efforts seemed unavailing to exterminate the pest. It was learned that a parasite—the Australian lady-bug—liked nothing better than a square meal on these scaly insects. The lady-bugs have now about exterminated the scale insects, saving the state fully $20,000,000 a year. Prof. Koebele has now been sent to Australia for other useful parasites, one in particular being an "insect which attaches itself to the grasshopper and lays its eggs beneath the skin of that pest. When these eggs are hatched, the resultant insect bores its way into the vitals of the grasshopper, with fatal results. So rapidly do the parasites breed that all that is necessary is to introduce a few of them where the grasshoppers are plentiful and in a short time the latter will disappear." We should certainly think it would have small use for life after such an operation. The fact is that the prospects for combatting injurious insects with parasites or contagious diseases have greatly improved during the past few years.

REFLECTED BY THE N. Y. MIRROR.

"Where are you going, Maude?"

"To one of Mrs. Twitter's delightful conversation parties."

"But why are you taking your opera glass?"

"Oh, it's at the theater, you know."

***

Since Johnstone Bennett has talked baby-talk in Jane they call her "Gurgly Urgly."

***

"What did you think of Miss Amateur's performance of the starving beggar girl?"

"I thought she wore the most beautiful diamonds I had ever seen!"

***

"Is it a reflection on dramatic art, as it is in New York, that the same woman who comes home dead tired after a fashion can shop for ten hours at a stretch and come up buoyant and smiling when she finishes?"

***

Said a Williamsburg critic last week, anent the performance of Hoss and Hoss: "May Yohe wore a ring on her thumb with ease and grace, and some misguided persons threw roses at her during the entire evening.

***

Biblets—"You don't admire your friend Soakum, do you?"

Jiblets—"Oh, Yes. There are places where he would look well!"

Biblets—"For instance?"

Jiblets—"Under a descending pile driver."

***

"Footlights isn't a very hopeful man, is he?"

"Why?"

"I saw him buying a pair of spiked walking shoes just before he started on his Western tour."

***

Writem—"I'm writing a play for the special requirements of Mrs. Swellum."

Askem—"What is the motive?"

Writem—"Oh, she's to have six changes of tights during the performance."

Among the Hostiles.

Mrs. Major Murgatroyd—And you like being a soldier's wife? But then he has not yet been in active service.

Mrs. Lieutenant Creme—Oh, yes! You have no idea how hard Percy has to fight to be retained in Washington.—[Puck.

Catarrh in the Head

Is a constitutional and not a local disease, and therefore it cannot be cured by local applications. It requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, effects a permanent cure of catarrh by eradicating the impurity which causes and promotes the disease. Thousands of people testify to the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh when other preparations had failed. Hood's Sarsaparilla also builds up the whole system, and makes you feel renewed in health and strength. All who suffer from catarrh or debility should certainly try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh with satisfactory results, receiving permanent benefit from it." J. F. HUBBARD, Streator, Ill.

"I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for the past four years at intervals. I was troubled with catarrh, and the medicine effected a perfect cure. I take it now whenever I feel debilitated, and it always gives me immediate strength, regulates the bowels and gives an excellent appetite." LEVI CAMPBELL, Parkersburg, W. Va.

"My daughter has had catarrh for 8 years. She coughed and expectorated so much that every one thought she had consumption. I tried everything I heard of but gained no relief. I sent her to Florida in September for the winter, and there her friends advised her to use Hood's Sarsaparilla. She wrote me that she had taken three bottles and never felt so good in her life." MRS. MCKNIGHT, 137 Williamson St., Newport, Ky.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

All the organs of the body are roused to healthy, vigorous action by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. More than all, the liver—and that's the key to the whole system. You have pure blood or poisonous blood, just as your liver chooses. The blood controls the health, the liver controls the blood, the "Discovery" controls the liver.

Take this remedy in time, when you feel dull, languid, and "out of sorts," and you can prevent disease from coming. Take it in any disease that depends on the liver or the blood, and you'll have a positive cure.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness; Bronchial, Throat, and Lung affections; every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages; and for the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases, its the *only* remedy so unfailing and effective that it can be *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

The Sunday School.

Christ Before Pilate.

LESSON IX., SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1891.

Golden Text—Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification.—Rom. 4:25.

LESSON TEXT.

(John 19:1-16.)

1. Then Pilate therefore took Jesus and scourged him.

2. And the soldiers platted a crown of thorns, and put it on his head, and they put on him a purple robe,

3. And said Hail, King of the Jews! and they smote him with their hands.

4. Pilate therefore went forth again, and saith unto them, Behold, I bring him forth to you, that ye may know that I find no fault in him.

5. Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man!

6. When the chief priests therefore and officers saw him, they cried out, saying, Crucify him, crucify him. Pilate saith unto them, Take ye him, and crucify him: for I find no fault in him.

7. The Jews answered him, We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God.

8. When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he was the more afraid;

9. And went again into the judgment hall, and saith unto Jesus, Whence art thou? But Jesus gave him no answer.

10. Then saith Pilate unto him, Speakest thou not unto me? knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee?

11. Jesus answered, Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above: therefore he that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin.

12. And from thenceforth Pilate sought to release him: but the Jews cried out, saying, If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend: whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar.

13. When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he brought Jesus forth, and sat down in the judgment seat in a place that is called the Pavement, but in the Hebrew, Gabbatha.

14. And it was the preparation of the passover, and about the sixth hour: and he saith unto the Jews, Behold your King!

15. But they cried out, Away with him, away with him, crucify him. Pilate saith unto them, Shall I crucify your King? The chief priests answered, We have no king but Cæsar.

16. Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus and led him away.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Then Pilate took Jesus, and scourged him (v. 1.) In addition to all that Jesus did and endured as the Saviour of sinners, and in order to be the sinners, Saviour, Jesus wrought blessings to the world of sinners through the changes which were brought by his teachings concerning the duty of man to man. Inhumanity seemed to culminate in the trial and the crucifixion of Jesus; and from that hour, and because of that event, there was among men a new sense of the duty of love toward the needy, the suffering, and the sinning. It took a long while for the teachings of Jesus to be recognized in their full scope, even by the followers of Jesus; but the beginning was then and there. And now there is not a land where the sway of Christian influence is felt, in which a prisoner of any sort would be called to endure such cruel sufferings and such needless tortures as were heaped upon the Son of man. In this more general sense, as well as in a specific one, Jesus suffered for us all, and by his stripes we are healed.

The soldiers plaited a crown of thorns, and put it on his head, and arrayed him in a purple garment; and said, Hail, King of the Jews! and they struck him with their hands (vs. 2, 3). We call such conduct as this "inhuman," but there is a sense in which it is peculiarly "human." To call it "brutal" would not be fair; for it is of mankind, and not of brute-kind, to be guilty of such cruel and causeless mockery and torture of a helpless and unresisting victim. It was because such traits of inhumanity, but not of unhumanity, were in the race of man, that Jesus came into this world to live, and to die for the saving of sinners and for the bettering of inhumanity. And wherever we see such traits to-day, we see a trace of the spirit that crucified the Son of man. This spirit is shown in a child's ill-treatment of a younger brother or sister or in the pestering and frightening of a schoolmate or a neighbor. It appears over in Russia—well, let us stick to America. It appears in the attacks on inoffensive Chinamen, and Indians, and negroes and whites. It appears in the fashionable scoffing at Jews in places of summer resort. It appears in wife-beating and in child-torture by some who are best known at home. It appears in the curl of the lip, in the twitching of the nostrils, in the flash of the eye, by way of contemptuous reminder on the part of one who has the conscious power of giving pain to a loving heart. It is liable to appear wherever there is—humanity. And this trait is always a link with the torturers of Jesus.

When therefore the chief priests and the officers saw him, they cried out, saying, Crucify him, crucify him (v. 6). It was not because of any mistaken identity that Jesus was hated and was crucified; but it was because he was what he was. It was when he was seen face to face that his opposers cried out for his death. And to this day the chief opposition to the religion of Jesus is because of its best representations of him, and not because of its too frequent failures to represent him aright. It is a very common remark that the chief difficulty in the way of the progress of Christianity is in the insincerity and the low standard of Christians generally; that if only all Christians truly represented Christ, the whole world would bow down to him. But that is by no means the truth. Christians who have a low standard are less likely to be in conflict with evil-doers than are those whose standard is highest. The chief objection to Christianity is because it is Christianity; and, if all Christians rightly represented Christ, the world would rise up in indignation, and would cry out, Away with them! away with them! We have a duty to be like Christ, whatever it may cost us; but it would be folly for us to expect to be in favor with the world by being like Him whom the world rejected—and rejects.

Pilate saith, Knowest thou not that I have power to release thee, and have power to crucify thee? Jesus answered him, Thou wouldest have no power against me, except it were given thee from above (vs. 10, 11). Men are inclined to think that they have power for good or power for evil because of their wealth, or because of their station, or because of their influence. They fail to consider or to realize that all their power is a simple trust from God, and that not only are they responsible for the use they make of that power, but the power itself is liable to be taken away from them, or held in check at the command of God at any moment. Men are free agents in the use of all their faculties and all their possessions; but their free agency is a gift of God; and God has not surrendered his watch or his control of every free agent in his service or among his opponents. No man has power for good or evil except as God consents to that man's temporary exercise of power. There is a warning in his thought to those who may have fancied that they could either serve or resist God of their own strength. There is comfort and cheer in this thought to those who are threatened, or who are imperilled by the hostility of others. A man can in a sense help God's cause by a generous giving, or by earnest doing—if God permits him to give help in that way. A man can in a sense harm God's cause by opposing the right, or by withholding the aid that he ought to render—if God permits him to do harm in that way. But in the truest sense no man can render a service to the devil, or harm a hair of a believer's head, unless God consents to this exercise of the man's power. But in either case the man is responsible for what he would like to do. By God's permission, he is a free agent so far.

Upon this Pilate sought to release him; but the Jews cried out, saying, If thou release this man, thou art not Cæsar's friend. When Pilate heard these words, he brought Jesus out (vs. 12, 13.) Was Pilate exceptionally weak in this thing? He wanted to be of service to Jesus, but he was not quite ready to be ruined for him, if he must lose his place and his good name, and perhaps his very life, by being known as a friend of Jesus, that was more than he could consent to. It is not often that the question which was before Pilate presents itself in a similar form to a man in these days; but there are corresponding tests of fidelity to the right in every man's experience all the way along in life. A public official or representative has to decide whether he will yield to some unjust popular clamor in behalf of a special interest, or against an obnoxious class, or lose all his hopes of promotion and even all fair prospect of well-doing in the public service. A business man must meet the question whether he will conform to some established method of wrong-doing in the line of his business, or abandon his prospects of "success" in life. An employe finds himself face to face with the problem, how he can do the work that is required of him, at the times when it is called for, consistently with his conscience and the law of God; and whether he is willing to accept the consequences of standing out against the necessities of his employment as it is. The position of Pilate was, after all, no more trying than is the position of almost every man who faces Christ and Christ's cause to-day, and now, as always, only he who is ready to lose his life, and to lose a great deal more than life, for the sake of Christ, can fairly be called a true and faithful servant of Christ. Pilate was weak under such a pressure as this. Would to God he had been the last weak one in such an emergency!—[H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.

MR. GLADSTONE FORGETS

his political perplexities long enough to write for *The Youth's Companion*. Next year he will describe a young inventor of rare gifts and lofty character. *The Companion* is the only American weekly for which Mr. Gladstone writes.

THE SKY IN NOVEMBER.

Jupiter and Neptune, and the Other Luminaries.

Jupiter is evening star. He is still the leader of the starry hosts, but before the month closes, a powerful rival enters modestly into the field to contest his supremacy. It is plain to every observing eye that our giant brother is departing. He no longer appears above the Eastern hills soon after sunset, as he did when in opposition, but is high up toward the meridian when his light pierces the sky depths. He makes his transit at 7 o'clock in the middle of the month, sets soon after midnight, and holds his court in the western sky instead of the eastern. This brilliant planet is passing through the small groups of Aquarius. His retrograde or western movement ends on the 3d, when he becomes stationary, and then moves eastward, or in a direct motion, until the end of the year. The moon is in conjunction with Jupiter the day after the first quarter, on the 10th, at 1h 30m p. m., being 40 deg. 9 min. south. Moon and planet will make a pleasing picture when it is dark enough for them to be visible on the evening of the 10th.

Neptune is morning star until the 29th, and then becomes evening star. He is in opposition with the sun on the 29th at 10 p. m. This far away planet then makes his nearest approach; for the sun, the earth and Neptune are in line, with the earth in the middle. Observers endowed with exceptional visual powers, can see Neptune with the aid of an opera-glass; but the number of such observers is small. He is, however, a beautiful object in a good telescope, appearing as a tiny disk of a delicate blue tint. He will be found a short distance northwest of Aldebaran.

Venus is evening star. She sets an hour later than the sun at the close of the month, and keen-eyed observers may possibly find this charming star lingering in the glow of twilight, and giving a foretaste of the brilliancy of her appearance when farther away from the sun. She must be looked for 2½ deg. south of the sunset point on the 30th. The one-day-old moon makes a close conjunction with Venus on the 2d, at 2h 32m p. m., being 1° 38' sec. north, but the planet and crescent are too near the sun to be visible.

Saturn is morning star. He is favorably situated for observation, rising nearly four hours before the sun at the commencement of the month, and six hours before the sun at its close. He rises about two o'clock in the middle of the month, and may then be seen coming up in the east a little farther east and 12 degrees farther south than the bright star Dembola. The moon, two days after the last quarter, is in conjunction with Saturn on the 25th at 8h 50m a. m., being 2 degrees 4 minutes north.

Mars is morning star. He rises at the close of the month about three hours and a half before the sun, and may be dimly discerned as a small ruddy star 4 degrees east and a little north of Spica. An opera glass will certainly bring him into the field. The moon is in conjunction with Mars on the 27th at 11h 52m a. m., being 2 degrees 3 minutes north.

Mercury is

Talmage's Sermon.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S WONDERS.

Over 200 Years in Building—A Visit to the Stadium, Where the Apostle Paul Fought With Wild Beasts.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 16.—Dr. Talmage continued Sunday morning his series of sermons entitled, "From the Pyramids to the Acropolis." This sermon, which is the fifth of the series, is concerned with the doctor's visit to Ephesus, of which city he gave a vivid description, with characteristic exegetical comments on obscure passages of Scripture. His text was: Acts xix. 34, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

We have landed this morning at Smyrna, a city of Asiatic Turkey. One of the seven churches of churches of Asia once stood here. You read in Revelation, "To the church in Smyrna write." It is a city that has often been shaken by earthquake, swept by conflagration, blasted by plagues, and butchered by war, and here Bishop Polycarp stood in a crowded amphitheater, and when he was asked to give up the advocacy of the Christian religion and save himself from martyrdom, the pro-consul saying: "Swear and I release thee; reproach Christ," replied: "Eighty and six years have I served him, and he never did me wrong; how then can I revile my King and Saviour?" When he was brought to the fires into which he was about to be thrust, and the officials were about to fasten him to the stake, he said: "Let me remain as I am, for he who giveth me strength to sustain the fire will enable me also without your securing me with nails to remain unmoved in the fire." History says the fires refused to consume him, and under the winds the flames bent outward so that they did not touch his person, and, therefore, he was slain with swords and spears. One cypress bending over his grave is the only monument to Bishop Polycarp.

We must see Ephesus—associated with the most wonderful apostolic scenes. We hire a special railway train, and in about an hour and a half we arrive at the city of Ephesus, which was called the "The Great Metropolis of Asia," and "One of the Eyes of Asia," and "The Empress of Ionia," the capital of all learning and magnificence. Here, as I said, was one of the seven churches of Asia, and first of all we visit the ruins of that church, where once an ecumenical council of two thousand ministers of religion was held.

Mark the fulfillment of the prophecy! Of the seven churches of Asia, four were commended in the book of Revelation, and three were doomed. The cities having the four commended churches still stand; the cities having the three doomed churches are wiped out. It occurred just as the Bible said it would occur. Drive on and you come to the theater, which was 660 feet from wall to wall, capable of holding 56,000 spectators. Here and there the walls rise almost unbroken, but for the most part the building is down. Just enough of it is left to help the fine imagination build it as it was when those audiences shouted and clapped at some great spectacular. Their huzzas must have been enough to stun the heavens. As I took my place at the center of this theater and looked around at its broken layers of stone, gallery upon gallery, gallery upon gallery, and piled up into the bleak skies of that winter day, and thought that every hand that swung a trowel upon those walls, and every foot that trod those stairs, and every eye that gazed on that amphitheater, and every voice that greeted the combatants in that arena had gone out of hearing and sight for ages on ages, I felt a thrill of interest that almost prostrated me amid the ruins. Standing there, we could not forget that in that building once assembled a riotous throng for Paul's condemnation, because what he preached collided with the idolatry of their national goddess. Paul tried to get into that theater and address the excited multitude, but his friends held him back, lest he be torn in pieces by the mob, and the recorder of the city had to read the riot act among the people who had shrieked for two mortal hours till their throats were sore and they were black in the face: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

Now, we step into the Stadium. Enough of its walls and apartments are left to show what a stupendous place it must have been when used for foot races and for fights with wild beasts. It was a building 680 feet long by 200 feet wide. Paul refers to what transpired there in the way of spectacle when he says, "We have been made a spectacle." Yes, Paul says, "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus," an expression usually taken as a figurative, but I suppose it was literally true, for one of the amusements in the Stadium was to put a disliked man in the arena with a hungry lion or tiger or panther, and let the fight go on until either the man or the beast or both were slain. It must have been great fun for these haters of Christianity to hear that on the morrow in the Stadium in Ephesus the missionary Paul, would, in the presence of the crowded galleries, fight a hungry lion. The people were early there to get the best seats, and a more alert and enthusiastic crowd never assembled. They took their dinners with them. And was there ever a more unequal combat proposed? Paul, according to tradition, small, crooked-backed and weak-eyed, but the grandest man in sixty centuries, is led to the center, as the people shout: "There he comes, the preacher who has nearly ruined our religion. The lion will make but a brief mouthful of him." It is plain that all the sympathies of that crowd are with the lion. In one of the underground rooms I hear the growl of the wild beasts. They have been kept for several days without food or water in order that they may be especially ravenous and bloodthirsty. What chance is there for Paul? But you cannot tell by a man's size or looks how stout a blow he can strike or how keen a blade he can thrust. Witness, heaven and earth and hell, this struggle of Paul with a wild beast. The coolest man in the Stadium is Paul. What has he to fear? He has defied all the powers, earthly and infernal, and if his body tumble under the foot and tooth of the wild beast, his soul will only the sooner find disenthralment. But it is his duty, as far as possible, to preserve his life. Now, I hear the bolt of the wilt beast's door shoved back, and the whole audience rise to their feet as the fierce brute springs for the arena and rewards its small occupant. I think the first plunge that was made by the wild beast at the Apostle was made on the point of a sharp blade, and the snarling monster with a howl of pain and reeking with gore, turns back. But now the little missionary has his turn of being the attack, and with a few well-directed thrusts the monster lies dead in the dust of the arena, and the Apostle puts his right foot on the lion and shakes him, and then puts his left foot on him and shakes him—a scene which Paul afterwards uses for an illustration when he wants to show how Christ will triumph over death—"He must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet;" yes, under his feet. Paul told the literal truth when he said: "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus," and as the plural is used I think he had more than one such fight, or several beasts were let loose upon him at one time.

But I have now to unveil the chief wonder of this chiefest of cities. In 1863, under the patronage of the English government, Mr. Wood, the explorer, began at Ephesus to feel along under the ground at great depths for roads, for walls, for towers, and here it is—that for which Ephesus was more celebrated than all else besides—the temple of the goddess Diana, called the sixth wonder of the world, and in 1889 we stood amid the ruins of that temple, measuring its pillars, transfixed by its sculpture, and confounded at what was the greatest temple of idolatry in all time. As I sat on a piece of one of its fallen columns, I said, "What earthquake rocked it down, or what hurricane pushed it to the earth, or under what strong wine of centuries did the giant stagger and fall?" There have been seven temples of Diana, the ruins of each contributing something for the splendor of all its architectural successors. Two hundred and twenty years was this last temple in construction. Twice as long as the United States have stood was that temple in building. It was nearly twice as large as St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

The temple of Diana was four hundred and twenty-five feet long by two hundred and twenty feet wide. All Asia was taxed to pay for it. It had one hundred and twenty-seven pillars, each sixty feet high, and each the gift of a king, and inscribed with the name of the donor. Now you see the meaning of that passage in Revelation, just as a king presenting one of these pillars to the temple of Diana had his own name chiseled on it and the name of his own country, so says Christ: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and I will write upon him the name of my God and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, and I will write upon him my new name." How suggestive and beautiful!

In addition to those pillars that I climbed over while amid the ruins of Diana's Temple, I saw afterwards eight of those pillars at Constantinople, to which they had been removed, and now a part of the Mosque of St. Sophia. Those eight columns are all green jasper, but some of those which stood in Diana's Temple at Ephesus were fairly drenched with brilliant colors. Costly metals stood up in various parts of the temple, where they could catch the fullest flush of the sun. A flight of stairs was carved out of one grape vine. Doors of cypress wood, which had been kept glued for years and hardened with bronze in bas-relief, swung against pillars of brass, and resounded with echo upon echo, caught up, and sent on, and hurled back through the corridors. In that building stood an image of Diana, the goddess. The impression was abroad, as the Bible records, that that image had dropped plump out of heaven into that temple, and the sculptors who really made the statue or image were put to death so that they could not testify of its human manufacture and so deny its celestial origin. It was thought by intelligent people that the material from which this idol was formed might have dropped out of heaven as an aerolite. We have seen in the British Museum, and in universities of our own West, blocks of stone hurled off from other worlds. These aerolites were seen to fall, and witnesses have gone to the landing places, and scientists have pronounced them to be the product of other worlds. But the material out of which the image of Diana was fashioned contradicts that notion. This image was carved out of ebony and punctured here and there with openings kept full of spikenard so as to hinder the statue from decaying and make it aromatic, but this ebony was covered with bronze and alabaster. A necklace of acorns coiled peacefully around her. There were four lions on each arm, typical of strength. Her head was coronated. Around this figure stood statues which, by wonderful invention, shed tears. The air by strange machinery was damp with descending perfumes. The walls multiplied the scene by concave mirrors. Fountains tossed in sheaves of light and fell in showers of diamonds. Praxiteles, the sculptor, and Apelles, the painter, filled the place with their triumphs. Crœsus, the wealthiest of the ancients, put here and there in the temple golden heifers. The paintings were so vivid and lifelike that Alexander, who was moved at nothing of terror, shuddered at one battle scene on the walls, and so true to life was a painting of a horse that when Alexander's horse was led up to it, he began to neigh, as one horse is accustomed to greet another. One painting in that temple cost $198,750. The treasures of all nations and the spoils of kingdoms were kept here for safe deposit. Criminals of all lands fled to the shelter of this temple, and the law could not touch them. It seemed almost strange that this mountain of architectural snow did not melt with the fires of color within. The temple was surrounded with groves, in which roamed for the temptation of hunters, stags and harts and wild boars, and all sorts of game, whether winged or four-footed. There was a cave with statue so intensely drilliant that it extinguished the eyes of those who looked upon it, unless, at the command of the priests, the hand of the spectator somewhat shaded the eyes. No wonder that even Anthony and Alexander and Darius cried out in the words of my text: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." One whole month of each year, the month of May, was devoted to her worship. Processions in garbs of purple and violet and scarlet moved through it, and there were torches and anthems, and choirs in white, and timbrels and triangles in music, sacrifices and dances. Here young men and maidens were betrothed with imposing ceremony. Nations voted large amounts to meet the expense of the worship. Fisheries of vast resource were devoted to the support of this resplendence. Horace and Virgil and Homer went into rhapsodies while describing this worship. All artists, all archæologists all centuries, agreed in saying: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Paul in the presence of this Temple of Diana incorporates it in his figures of speech while speaking of the spiritual temple. "Now, if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, etc." and no doubt with reference to one of the previous temples which had been set on fire by Herostratus just for the fame of destroying it, Paul says: "If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss," and all up and down Paul's writings you realize that he had not only seen, but had been mightily impressed with what he had seen of the Temple of Diana.

In this city the mother of Jesus was said to have been buried. Here dwelt Aquilla and Priscilla of Bible mention, who were professors in an extemporized theological seminary, and they taught the eloquent Apollos how to be eloquent for Christ. Here John preached, and from here because of his infidelity he was exiled to Patmos. Here Paul warred against the magical arts for which Ephesus was famous. The sorcerers of this city pretended that they could cure diseases, and perform almost any miracle, by pronouncing these senseless words: "Aski Cataski Lix Tetrax Damnameneus Aision." Paul having performed a miracle in the name of Jesus, there was a lying family of seven brothers who imitated the Apostle, and instead of their usual words of incantation, used the word Jesus over a man who was possessed of a devil, and the man possessed flew at them in great fierceness and nearly tore these frauds to pieces, and in consequence all up and down the streets of Ephesus there was indignation excited against the magical arts, and a great bonfire of magical books was kindled in the streets, and the people stirred the blaze until thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of black art literature had been burned to ashes.

But, all the glory of Ephesus I have described has gone now. At some seasons of the year awful malarias sweep over the place and put upon mattress or in graves a large portion of the population. In the approximate marshes, scorpions, centipedes and all forms of reptilian life crawl and hiss and sting, in and out of the ruins of buildings which once startled the nations with their almost supernatural grandeur.

But here is a lesson which has never yet been drawn out. Do you not see in that Temple of Diana an expression of what the world needs? It wants a God who can provide food. Diana was a huntress. In pictures on many of the coins she held a stag by the horn with one hand and a bundle of arrows in the other. Oh, this is a hungry world! Diana could not give one pound of meat, or one mouthful of food to the millions or her worshippers. She was a divinity, an imaginary God, and so in idolatrous lands the vast majority of people never have enough to eat. It is only in the countries where the God of heaven and earth is worshipped that the vast majority have enough to eat. Let Diana have her arrows and her hounds; our God has the sunshine and the showers and the harvests, and in proportion as he is worshipped does plenty reign.

So also in the Temple of Diana the world expressed its need of a refuge. To it from parts of the land came debtors who could not pay their debts and the offenders of the law that they might escape incarceration. But, she sheltered them only a little while, and while she kept them from arrest she could not change their hearts and the guilty remained guilty. But, our God in Jesus Christ is a refuge into which we may fly from all our sins and all our pursuers, and not only be safe for time, but safe for eternity, and the guilt is pardoned and the nature is transformed. What Diana could not do for her worshippers, our Christ accomplishes for us.

But, notice what killed Ephesus, and what has killed most of the cities that lie buried in the cemetery of nations. Luxury! The costly baths, which had been the means of health to the city, became its ruin. Instead of the cold baths that had been the invigoration of the people, the hot baths, which are only intended for the infirm or the invalid, were substituted. In these hot baths many lay most of the time. Authors wrote books while in these baths. Business was neglected and a hot bath taken four or five times a day. When the keeper of the baths was reprimanded for not having them warm enough, one of the rulers said: "You blame him for not making the bath warm enough; I blame you because you have it warm at all." But that warm bath which enervated Ephesus, and which is always enervating except when followed by cold baths (no reference, of course, to delicate constitutions), was only a type of what went on in all departments of Ephesian life, and in luxurious indulgence Ephesus fell, and the last triangle of music was tinkled in Diana's Temple, and the last wrestler disappeared from her gymnasiums, and the last racer took his garland in the Stadium, and the last plea was heard in her forum, and, even the sea, as if to withdraw the last commercial opportunity from that metropolis, retreated down the beach, leaving her without the harbor in which had floated a thousand ships. Brooklyn, New York, London, and all modern cities, cleatlantic and transatlantic, take warning. What luxury unguarded did for Ephesus, luxury unguarded may do for all. Opulence and splendor God grant to all the people, to all the cities, to all the lands, but at the same time, may he grant the righteous use of them.

As our train pulled out from the station at Ephesus, the cars surrounded by the worst looking group of villians I ever gazed on, all of them seeming in a wrangle with each other and trying to get into a wrangle with us, and we moved along the columns of ancient aqueducts, each column crowned with storks, having built their nests there, and we rolled on down towards Smyrna, and that night in a sailors' Bethel we spoke of the Christ whom the world must know or perish, we felt that between cradle and grave there could not be anything much more enthralling for the body, mind, and soul, than our visit to Ephesus.

The Camp Fire.

Echoes From Company C.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—We arrived in St. Louis about the middle of October, 1861, Co's. A, B, C and D, from Nebraska. We had enlisted for the war at Omaha, Neb. We enlisted with the cavalry in September, but when we got to Benton Barracks we were without a name other than our company letter. John B. McCabe and I were old schoolmates from Washington county, Pa. We were roughing it together in the mountains of Colorado when we received the news of the defeat of the Union army at Bull Run, and we decided to start for the front at once. It was September 26, when I took the oath to serve Uncle Sam for three years or during the war. I tipped the beam at 205 pounds—rather heavy for a trooper, but we had plenty of lightweights. McCabe was 19, with a smooth face, and was rather "gangly." The company or troop we were attached to was designated as Co. C. J. Morris Young, a diminutive specimen of red-headed humanity, was captain. Alfred Matthies, first lieutenant, and C. A. B. Langhon, second lieutenant. We were all as green as gourds. But the little captain and first lieutenant were good, true men, willing to learn. But who was to learn them? Not a man of the 86 in Co. C had ever been under fire, or knew anything of the drill. Co. B was more fortunate, having an old Mexican war veteran for one of their duty sergeants. Sergt. Snowden, of Co. B, was detailed by Maj. Patrick to drill what the boys designated as the "awkward squad." The commissioned officers and orderly sergeants of the four companies were drilled diligently by the sergeant for two weeks, when they were ready to tackle the Confederacy, in their own estimation. Meantime, a half-dozen of us had commenced taking lessons in handling the sabre. Our teacher was a Frenchman, who had taught a class, giving seven lessons for $5 for two lessons each week. The Frenchman was an expert swordsman, but our idea of becoming swordsmen in seven lessons was on a par with the "awkward squad." When they were put through the manual of arms a few times by Sergt. Snowden, they were old veterans! If two or more walked down to the city, they would catch the step, their backs would stiffen with importance, as much as to say, "Watch me now, will you?" The idea of us becoming proficient in the use of the sabre in seven lessons was ridiculous; but Frenchy got a majority of pupils. We all wanted to be as good as the Frenchman; but a few of us did have sense enough to know that all we could expect to learn from the Frenchman was the proper way to hold a sabre. Six of us stuck to him to the finish, but I was very glad when it ended. My arm was terribly swollen and sore. The Frenchman would jerk and pound me right on it till I would have to use it to get rid of him. I carried my arm in a sling some days, until the soreness went out. When my arm got entirely well I found I could use the sabre with more celerity than ever. There were at this time several squads of cavalry in the camp of instruction at Benton Barracks: Major Matt. Patrick, four companies—A, B, C and D, Nebraska; Major Baron Bourgstine, three companies—I, G and K, Minnesota; Capt. Wilcox, three companies—E, F and H, Dubuque, Iowa; Capt. Kidd, two companies—L (Irish) and M, Missouri. The officers got together these odds and ends and formed the Curtis Horse. We were satisfied with the arrangements, except the selection of a regular officer for our colonel. When the boys were told that W. W. Lowe, a regular officer, was coming to take command of the Curtis Horse, there was some dissatisfaction. Some of the boys wanted none of the "regular army" nonsense, saying it was right they wanted, not the white glove. Most of the boys were anxious to leave St. Louis. Some of them were getting into bad habits, spending what little money they had at theaters and places of amusement. Dan Lewis had found a cousin in the city, who was like all city cousins—ready to accompany him; but some one had to pay the bills. We were none of us overloaded with money. Going to places of amusement was too expensive—$13 per month would not allow us many nights of carousal. Grey, of Co. D, started Pchuck-a-luck" one night. The boys went wild over it, and bucked the "bank" out of existence too quick. If Grey had been better "heeled" he would very likely have won all the money the boys had, but when Grey opened up with only $100 on the "board," the boys went for it red-eyed, $20 on a card. When Grey's money was all gone, he bounced out of our quarters, swearing he never saw such reckless fools as were in Co. C.

"Yes, py tam!" said Cap. William Brown, "ve is so tam reckless ve get dot hundred dollars. Now ve goes mit de theater. Dot vas reckless some more!"

William Brown, Sizer Barnum, with a young Missourian that had joined the company at Benton Barracks, named Mooney, and myself, sallied out for the city one night about dark. I am not sure just what we went for, but Sizer and the captain proceeded to "paint the town." I became alarmed. Capt. William was getting reckles. Mooney was a green, raw farmer boy, from away up in the Ozark mountains. I saw if something was not done to prevent it, the boy would soon be foolishly drunk on beer. There was no stopping Sizer or William; but with them it was like pouring beer down a rat-hole, for all the effect it had on them was to make them noisy. I tried to induce Mooney to return to camp with me, assuring him he would be arrested, but Mooney insisted on "one more glass." I was getting impatient. He was attracting a crowd by his nonsensical yells. I told him to go and get his beer, and I would wait for him. He crossed the street and entered a saloon. While I stood awaiting Mooney's return several of the 3d Mich. boys came up, and we were talking. We heard loud, angry voices coming from the saloon where Mooney had gone to get his beer. I explained to the Michigan boys that one of our boys was on a "bender," and might be in trouble, when one of them remarked:

"The old 'cuss' that keeps that place is a bitter rebel. The boys ought to give him the go-by; he insults every soldier that enters his place alone."

I stepped across the street to see what Mooney was up to. Some of the Michigan boys were with me. Just as I entered the door, I met a slung-shot full on the nose. I fell on the sidewalk, but I had not been knocked senseless. When I got on my feet, the Michigan boys were all about me, swearing vengeance on the one that hit me. Just then Mooney, full as he was, fought his way out. He held a little Jew by the hair, and notwithstanding there were four or five striking at Mooney, he kept his hold on the Jew. The Michiganders then "sailed in," and in no time Mooney's assailants were all in a heap on the sidewalk, with the Michiganders dancing a hornpipe on their prostrate bodies. I sat on the sidewalk, the blood streaming from my lacerated proboscis, but if I had been dying I should have laughed, for it was a most comical sight to see Mooney holding the little Jew by his long hair and those Michigan boys "Dancing Juby" on his fallen enemies.

"Don't kill any of the durned heathens, boys," said Mooney, as cool as could be. "Jest keep 'em down till I investigate this 'ere durned rattlesnake. I know ther' little kuss; he belongs to Price's outfit. He hain't here for nothing. Say, ole man, am yer hurted much? Durn ther little skunk; he hit yer 'fore I got hold on him."

I was truly surprised to have our green Missourian develop into such a regular terror. He turned his captive over to the proper authorities. I staid in the city until next day. When I reached camp Mooney was there all right, and was Sizer and Capt. William. When Mooney saw my swelled nose he only grinned and handed me a leaden ball in a knitted cover, with the remark:

"They are ugly things to run against, ole man."

I said nothing, but examined the slung-shot. The ball was about the size of a small egg. My nose was smashed to a jelly. The little Jew was trying to get away from Mooney, who was grabbing at him, when I met him in the door and he let fly and landed on my nose. The Jew Mooney had captured was a rebel scout, belonging to Price's rebel army. St. Louis was a hot bed of rebels at that time. Although the city was in our possession, we were in the minority as to numbers.—DAN KNIGHT.

[To be Continued.]

A Traitor Betrayed Them.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In the winter of 1863-64 I came back to loyal East Tennessee to recruit for the 13th Tennessee cavalry. Capt. Dan Ellis, the noted Union scout and pilot, established a camp in a deep mountain gorge, and he and I had taken about forty men to it, intending to start through the mountains to the federal forces with them. But before we started a traitor named Motherly reported our camp to the rebels and they made a raid on us and captured about half of our men and wounded one man, a North Carolinian named Young, shooting him in the shoulder. The above named raid broke up our recruits and scattered them. I collected a part of them and took them through, and joined my command at Nashville, Tenn. From there the command moved to Camp Catlett, and then to Gallatin, from which place we started to East Tennessee. On our way to East Tennessee, at or near Sparty, Tenn., several of the boys and myself went out foraging and met Champ Ferguson, a noted rebel scout and bushwhacker, who had about as many men as we had. We chased him five or six miles, capturing sever or eight horses, the most of their arms, and one of our boys brought back to camp Ferguson's coat, with a powder flask and several other things in the pockets. What went with Champ I don't know. My company lost a good man while crossing the mountains. He died in an ambulance. He was buried in a cave on the south side of the mountain.—F. W. EMMERT, Lieut. Co. C, 13th Tenn. Cav,

Small Shot.

Comrade J. M. Depew, Co. E, 22d Iowa, writes:—"Wake up, comrades of the 22d, and let us hear from you through the Camp Fire! Let us hear some of your experiences during the long and battles we fought, and long marches we made. Come to the front!"

Lillie M. Jenks, a soldier's daughter, likes to read the Camp Fire, and "knocks for admission," she says. "My father was a member of the 6th O. V. I., and two of my uncles were members of the 5th O. V. I. and 1st Ky. Infty., respectively. My father would like to hear from comrades of those regiments. Says they have not brought a 'top rail' for 27 years."

"During the reunion of the 68th O. V. I. at Napoleon, O., October 8, the boys received a 'bluff' they will not soon forget. Napoleon is the home of this regiment, and a splendid welcome is voted for the Union. It completed its organization at Camp Latty. After three decades the few remaining members met at the old camp grounds, to look each other in the face once more, and to shake hands all around. What is the welcome extended by the citizens of Napoleon? Not a single flag was seen floating in the breeze, no committee to receive them, and they are given to understand that the city has no farther use for the veterans."—D. R. M.

Comrade H. V. Love writes:—"I often wonder if there is any of my old comrades living who remember an incident which occurred on the road from Bardstown, Ky., to Louisville, near Bardstown, Co. C was detailed the day previous to the wagon train, and had come back to the regiment for rations. When near the regiment the mule threw me, and I sustained injuries from which I never recovered. I was a member of Co. H, 19th Ind. Inft. If there should be any one of my regiment who reads this that remembers the incident, I would be glad to hear from him, or from any of the boys of the 19th Reg., through the Camp Fire."

In justice to Comrade Henry Kirby, the editor desires to state that he has before him official card No. 840,668, Medical division of the bureau of Pensions, U. S., signed by Green B. Raum, commissioner, and dated June 19, 1891, which indicates that Henry Kirby was a member of Co. K, 33d Ills. Vols.; also a circular invitation from the 33d Ills. Inft. Ass'n, recognizing Comrade Kirby as a member of that organization. The comrade also states that he has in his possession a discharge, showing that he was enrolled in Co. H, (Capt. David Lloyd's) 93d Reg. Ills. Inft., August 21, 1863, and was discharged from the service July 20, 1865. This in answer to aspersion by H. L. Miller, Co. C, 31st O. V. I., that Kirby was not a member of the 93d.

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Question Bureau.

The American Navy.

G. W. W., Prairie du Chien, Wis.: The following is a compact history of the American navy up to date: The American navy began in 1775, when the colonies ordered the construction of two cruisers. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary war seventeen ships, varying in size from 300 to 1,000 tons, and carrying from ten to thirty-two guns, were purchased, and by 1778 these had increased to thirty-two. From 1780 to 1789 there were no ships, the navy having been destroyed, sunk, captured or sold; but in 1794, six frigates, of which the Constitution was one, were ordered. Others were built until 1801, when from thirty-two the number was cut down to thirteen.

In 1802 the gunboat period set in, and these little boats were built until the country owned 251 of them. When the war of 1812 broke out we had seventeen cruisers afloat. The marvelous naval successes of the United States gave an undue importance to the few ships, but for all that Congress, when the war closed, went back to the old policy. During the period from 1820 to 1855 the sailing cruisers built by this country reached their greatest development in strength, speed and efficiency. Such ships as the Franklin became the model of all naval architects. In 1850 we had afloat, or under construction, ten lines of battle ships, one razee, fourteen frigates and twenty-two sloops of war, besides schooners. In 1855 we had fifty-three ships in all, and when the war broke out in 1860 fifty-six ships, carrying 3,000 guns.

We began the war with 261 ships, mostly purchased, and 22,000 men. We ended it with 613 ships and 58,500 men. During this time the genius of Ericsson had made the great advance of modern times in the building of warships when he constructed the Monitor which turreted monitor. It is not too much to say that he revolutionized naval architecture.

After the war the government got rid of its surplus ships as rapidly as possible, selling for $10,000,000 that which had cost it $40,000,000. It kept the best of them, and the country, after the life and death grapple it had just passed through, settled down to rest and get its breath. Under these circumstances and with the frightful war debt on it, to expect that the United States would spend money and effort to build ships was folly. What Americans wanted was peace, and the euphonious of war stank in their nostrils. Naturally they allowed England and the Continental nations to experiment in shipbuilding while sitting back themselves and looking on.

In 1881, public opinion having grown to the point of demanding that a navy be built according to modern ideas, Congress passed a law appointing the first advisory board. This law was the first step toward the creation of our navy as it is now and will be in a few years. That board recommended that 70 unarmored cruisers be built. In 1883 the construction of three cruisers and a dispatch boat was authorized, and in 1885 five additional vessels were provided for. Up to and including the session last year 25 vessels were authorized, and the present navy of the United States is composed as follows:

	Displacement. Tons.	Speed. Knots.
Armored vessels—		
Puritan, built	6,060	13
Miantonomoh, built	8,815	10.5
Amphitrite, built	8,815	12
Monadnock, built	8,815	12
Terror, built	8,815	12
Texas, building	6,300	17
Maine, building	6,648	17
Monterey, building	4,083	16
Armored cruisor No. 2, building	8,100	19
Armored cruising monitor, design completed	8,180	17
Harbor defense ram, building	2,030	15
Battleship No. 1, building	9,000	15
Battleship No. 2, building	9,000	15
Battleship No. 3, building	9,000	15
Unarmored vessels—		
Chicago, built	4,500	14
Boston, built	3,189	15
Atlanta, built	3,189	15.8
Dolphin, built	1,485	16
Yorktown, built	1,700	16.9
Petrel, built	890	13
Charleston, built	8,730	18
San Francisco, built	4,083	19.6
Baltimore, built	4,083	19
Philadelphia, built	4,083	19
Newark, built	4,083	18
Concord, built	1,700	16
Bennington, built	1,700	20
Vesuvius, built	930	21
Cruisers No. 6, building	5,200	19
Cruisers Nos. 7 and 8, building	8,183	19
Cruisers Nos. 9, 10 and 11, building	2,000	17
Cruiser No. 12, building	7,300	21
Cruiser No. 13, building	1,050	16
Practice cruiser, building	800	13
Dynamite cruisor, not yet contracted for	—	—
Torpedo boat Cushing, built	105	23
Torpedo boat Stiletto, built	356	22

Of the old vessels there are still in the navy 7 steel and iron ships, 1 torpedo boat, 23 steam wooden vessels, 3 wooden steam receiving vessels, 12 iron and wooden steam tugs, 1 wooden practice vessel, 2 schoolships, 1 storeship and 6 receiving ships.

The Methodist Episcopal Church.

J. G. W., Effingham, Kan.: Of course, the Supreme court of the United States had nothing whatever to do with the split in the Methodist Episcopal church, which resulted in the Methodist Episcopal church South leaving the original church and organizing for itself. The division was on the subject of negro slavery. The uniform rule of the church from the time it was organized in this country in 1784, was condemnatory of slavery. A preacher was not allowed to own slaves, and forfeited his ministry if he failed to free them. It declared that "no slaveholder should be eligible to the office of elder," and this prohibition was extended afterwards to all officers of the church. At the general conference of 1844, Rev. Francis A. Harding appealed to that body against the Baltimore conference, which had suspended him from the ministry for the failure to free slaves which he obtained by marriage. The case of James O. Andrews, a bishop of the church, who had come into possession of slaves after his election as bishop, also came before the conference, which adopted a resolution that "it is the sense of the general conference that he desist from the exercise of his office so long as this impediment remain," by a vote of 111 yeas to 69 nays. The next day after the adjournment of the conference those southern delegates thereto issued a call for a convention of the slave-holding conferences, to meet in Louisville, May 1, 1845. This convention declared the conference there represented to be a distinct church, under the name of the "Methodist Episcopal church South." Its first general conference met at Petersburg, Va., in May, 1846. By a decision of the Supreme court of the United States, the property was divided between the Methodist Episcopal church and the Southern church in accordance with the provisions of a plan drawn up by the general conference of 1844, before the division, and after the resolution referred to above had been adopted. There is no "Methodist Episcopal church North." That church is the "Methodist Episcopal church," the southern conference which withdrew created the "Methodist Episcopal church South."

Coinage and Circulation.

H. S. and P. S., Carthage, Mo., asks why the United States was not a dumping ground for silver when we had free coinage. You should have read the "Finance Primer" carefully. This matter was explained at great length in it. The fall in the price of silver dates only from 1873, and was because of the enormous amounts put upon the markets of the world by the discovery of the great bonanza mines of the West. From the time our free coinage laws were revised in 1834, our free coinage laws were revised in 1834, our free coinage laws were revised in 1834, of silver in a silver dollar, and consequently our silver drifted steadily abroad, because our standard dollars were worth more as bullion than their face value. As we have stated some dozen times the past summer, the total amount of standard silver dollars coined from 1792 to 1873 was only $8,045,838.

The clipping you send us is simply an impudent lie. That statement has been in circulation ever since the greenback agitation in 1875-78. It never was true. Secretary Foster's statements as to the amount in circulation at various dates is absolutely correct, and can be verified by the reports of that secretary department. The lie is a very common one. Governor Campbell, in the recent campaign in this state, declared that ex-Secretary of the Treasury McCulloch, in one of his reports, stated that "the circulation in 1865 was $1,750,000,000, or $80 per capita." This is a part of the same lie, and is made out of whole cloth. What the report of the secretary does say is, that in 1865 the circulation was $228,000,000, or about $20 per capita: but this was on a greenback basis. It reduced to a gold basis, it would be much less.

The "Establishment of the Port."

We have received the following reply from L. E. W., Maumee, O., in reply to a recent query, "What is meant by the 'establishment of the port?' for which we are greatly obliged:

The United States coast survey charts of our seaports give, in tabular form, the data necessary to a knowledge of the times of high and low tide, tidal currents, "set" (direction), "drift" (velocity in nautical miles), etc., for the more important localities embraced in the chart.

The interval between the moon's passage over the meridian of a port and the time of high water is styled "establishment of the port," or the lunar-tidal interval—a constant quantity as regards lunar high water. As the actual high water depends upon a combination of the lunar and solar tides, this interval is subject to a variation known as the semimonthly inequality.

The mean of all the lunar-tidal intervals for this period is called the "mean" or "cor rected" establishment, to distinguish it from the "vulgar" establishment, which is that which belongs to the lunar tide taken by itself.

Miscellaneous.

W. R. B., Hazen, Ark.: We have not the lists of the governors of all the states.

J. W. B., Stilesville, Ind.: We believe the paper you mention is still published.

J. H. W., Greensburg, Ky.: See the Bureau of last week for article on Thanksgiving day.

W. R. H., Bono, Ind.: We don't know. We expect to publish the article on plating in a very short time.

A. X., Toledo, O.: The longest river in the world is the Mississippi and Missouri, considered as one stream.

J. L. H., Ganado, Ariz.: We are sorry, but we have not the data at hand to give you instructions to build a fire-place.

P. J. K., Toledo, O.: You will find a complete list of the consuls of the United States to foreign countries in the *World Almanac* for 1891.

E. S. H., Galion, O.: Just as soon as the official vote of Ohio is announced, we will publish a table giving it by counties, as well as the totals.

R. L.: The arrest of the officers of the Louisiana Lottery company will probably put an end to the business eventually, though it may not at once.

F. S. W., Delta, O.: The soldiers of the war of 1812 and those of the Mexican war never formed any society similar to the G. A. R. or the Society of the Cincinnati.

F. J. S., Topeka, Kan.: The Finance Primer being now completed, we contemplate publishing a condensation of it some time during the winter or spring.

T. F., Mekinock, N. D.: The only place to learn railway telegraphy operating is in a railway office. We are sorry we can not tell you where you could obtain a chance to learn.

J. H. W., Adair, Iowa: We do not know whether the book is in print or not. Write to the publishers of it and find out. You will find the publisher's name at the bottom of the title-page.

A. A. S., Glendale, Wis.: There was no change made in the Supreme court of the United States at the last session of Congress. A new court, below the Supreme court, was created by law, if that is what you mean.

M. S., Elmore, O.: You will find in the Weekly BLADE of November 14, 1891, an article on an article on the Chilean trouble, and in the same paper on page 7, first and second columns, you will find the whole affair set forth at length.

"Subscriber," Toledo, O.: Signal Service Observer Hagen, of the Toledo signal office, reported October of this year that a few flakes of snow had fallen in the morning, and the paragraph was printed in the Daily BLADE of that evening.

"Enquirer," Toledo, O.: There are 83 state Senatorial districts in Ohio, the 33d being composed of the counties of Fulton, Henry, Hancock, Lucas, Putnam and Wood. Every county in Ohio now sends one or more Representatives to the General

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1891.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.,.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, **117,000.**

WHICH STORY DO YOU PREFER?

THE BLADE, in making its arrangements for a new serial story, to begin early in the new year, is fortunately able to give its readers a choice. We are offered three new stories—one by the author of "The Follett Curse," published two or three years ago; one by the author of "Uncle Sam in 1894," published in 1890, and one by the author of "For Life and Honor," the extremely interesting serial now running in our columns.

We wish our readers to decide which of the three they would prefer to have, and to decide promptly. You can either write us a postal card, or add a postscript to any business letter or contribution you may send THE BLADE; or you can write a line at the bottom of the postal card on which you send in your Presidential choice. Only let us have it quickly. The author who obtains the most votes will write the new serial for THE BLADE, to commence some time in January.

Whichever story is selected will be published in THE BLADE alone, and not in any other newspaper; nor will it be printed in book form. Which author do you prefer?

"DON'T BEGIN" IS THE TRUE RULE.

A writer in the Philadelphia *Press*, in discussing the drink habit, dwells very strongly upon the point that "if a man wants to stop drinking, the only way is to stop." He thinks the trouble is that the average drinkers are seeking some remedy in medicine which will relieve them of the necessity of exercising self-control over their appetites, and care and vigilance for their further self-protection. He gives the following interesting personal reminiscences in support of his theory that the only way to stop is to stop:

There are many cases in the city of men who had been convivial at one time, but who by sheer force of will overcame the habit. Not long ago the *Press* told the story of Bourke Cockran's mastery ten years ago of this habit, and he has been a teetotaller ever since. Senator John P. Jones, who at one time had the Western habit, although he never was a drunkard, a few years ago shut off short, and has overcome his appetite completely. Ex-Attorney General Garland in his early days did as they do in the West and Southwest, and twenty years ago made up his mind to stop it. Years ago Senator Frye indulged in an occasional glass until he determined that such habit was ruin, and then he and ex-Senator John P. Stockton, of New Jersey, has been a total abstainer for more than a quarter of a century, and has the firm belief that any man who could succeed in business or his profession needs no other medicine than mental determination to break off the habit.

There is a great deal of truth in the saying of this correspondent. Put into other words, it is simply that if a man desires to stop drinking, and is willing to exercise the virtues of self-denial and self-control, he can accomplish it without aid from anybody else. There are, however, grave objections to accenting his dictum as the only possible solution of the drink problem. It excludes from the calculation two very essential facts: first, that of those who have acquired the drink habit, only a portion have sufficient moral strength to abstain entirely; and we may add thereto the comment that these form by far the larger portion of habitual drinkers. Second, it excludes from consideration entirely the formation of the drink habit.

We may take it as a truism that no young man ever starts out in life with the fixed resolve that he will become a drunkard. On the contrary, we presume that there is no such person but determines that he will not become one. He relies on his own ability to stop whenever he chooses, unmindful of the fact, proved in tens of thousands of instances that drinking creates a morbid condition of the physical system which demands more of the same stimulus, and thus a habit is insensibly fastened upon him which it takes very strong will power to break. Persons who do not possess this yield themselves, after more or less of a struggle, and go steadily on the downward road, becoming confirmed sots.

The question now arises, what is to be done with this far more numerous class who do not possess the power to abstain from the use of intoxicants? They may wish to stop, but they can not stop. It would certainly seem that it would be better for the entire community that the opportunity should be taken away from allowing men to begin the drink habit. It would stop all its evils of the drink habit by preventing its beginnings. There would then be no need of any effort to cure men of drunkenness; there would be no drunkards, because men would have no opportunity of entering upon this vice. Instead of saying "the way to stop drinking is to stop," it is better to say that way to deliver humanity from the evils of the drink habit is to abolish Rum itself; through prohibition, to stop the manufacture and sale, and thus

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE Chilean government is making an effort to adjust the difficulty with the United States peacefully. The first outburst of ill temper has passed away, and reason has resumed her throne. It will be very easy for the Chilean government to restore harmony between the two countries. All it has to do is to disavow the acts of the Valparaiso mob, explain its own part in the affair, and express its regret at the unfortunate occurrence. There will be nothing in this compromising the national honor of Chile, and we have no doubt it will be followed in due course of time.

PRESIDENT HARRISON is at work upon his annual message to Congress. This document will be an important one, as it will deal with the tariff, reciprocity, the Bering sea muddle, and the Italian and Chilean difficulties. The President is considering carefully all these matters, and is likely to make some very decided recommendations to Congress in the document.

HOW RECIPROCITY WORKS.

The irresistible logic of facts shows that the enemies of Mr. BLAINE'S reciprocity policy were wrong when they hastily declared that the markets for our products could not be appreciably enlarged by reciprocity agreements with the countries to the south of us. The Bureau of Statistics has just issued a statement which shows that our exports to Brazil for five months under reciprocity from April 1 to September 1 last ter e $1,109,592 in excess of our exports h ereto for the same five months of 1890, before reciprocity took effect. The comparison of the two years, by articles, is as follows:

Articles.	April 1 to Sept. 1, '90.	April 1 to Sept. 1, '91.
Books	$ 125,940	$ 90,420
Wheat flour	1,251,436	1,663,214
Carriages, cars, etc.	283,771	394,355
Cloths	287,939	193,659
Other cotton manufactures	21,632	33,191
Hardware and tools	70,066	106,772
Sewing machines	36,236	37,739
Steam engines, machinery	233,376	1,299,020
Resin, tar, turpentine, etc.	40,898	73,409
Oil, mineral, refined	409,285	419,891
Provisions, bacon	209,748	326,043
Provisions, lard	430,097	350,795
Spirits of turpentine	21,951	28,558
Boards, deals, planks, etc.	120,630	293,612
All other lumber	3,637	8,568
Wood, manufactures of	45,515	75,855
All other articles	1,301,064	925,863
Total	$5,133,590	$6,3 3,182
Gain under reciprocity		1,109,592

It will be seen that nearly every item shows a satisfactory increase. The reasons that American cloths did not show an increase is because our manufacturers at first were ignorant as to the class of goods preferred by the Brazilian people, and hence made little effort to cater to their trade. They are now beginning to realize the importance of manufacturing the goods that our new customers desire, and it is not too much to say that we will speedily obtain a large share of Brazil's cloth trade, now going to Europe.

The showing is exceptionally good for the first five months of the new arrangement. As we begin to learn more fully what the Brazilians need, and as they become better acquainted with the excellence of American products, both of the farm and workshop, the trade will steadily increase. One notable feature of the above statement is the large increase in our exports of machinery, including steam engines, the gain being over $1,000,000 in the five months. Such an increase means steady work for several thousand American mechanics, at the same time increasing our home market to that extent for all kinds of products.

The exhibit of return trade from Brazil to this country for the same five months is equally satisfactory. We bought of her in that time $39,706,752 worth of her products, an increase of $14,861,315 over the corresponding five months of the previous year, so it is seen that Brazil is profiting like us from the reciprocity arrangements. These figures are only the beginning of reciprocal trade. The showing as our trade to Cuba is not yet complete, but is known that it shows a very satisfactory increase. The steamers from this country to the West Indies are carrying big cargoes all the time, and one steamship line has already found it necessary to increase the number of vessels in the trade. Venezuela is preparing to fall into line under reciprocity, and Mexico has expressed her wish to enter into a similar agreement. Before the end of the present administration we will have a long list of reciprocity agreements under which we will be enjoying the heaviest foreign trade in our history.

ARBITRATION WINS.

It created a genuine surprise when the counsel for the United States, in the case of the sealer Sayward, announced in the Supreme court that a settlement of the Bering sea question, so long in dispute between ourselves and Great Britain, has been definitely arranged in the form of a treaty, which will be presented to the Senate for its ratification as soon as it assembles. Of course, the details of the treaty will not be made known until it is submitted to that body. All that is made public is the fact that an agreement for arbitration between the two countries has been made.

It is to be hoped this step will result in a settlement, satisfactory to both sides, of this much mooted question. Arbitration is better than war at any time, and it is a distinct gain for the cause of civilization and progress when two of the greatest nations on the globe submit their rival claims voluntarily to arbitration in place of appealing to "the last argument of kings"—the sword.

A QUEER ARGUMENT.

The most child-like and bland free trade argument we have noted for a long time, is one to the effect that because frauds are attempted by undervaluations on imported goods subject to ad valorem duties, the only way to prevent them is to make the duties so low that there will be no temptation to this kind of fraud. If this is such an excellent method, why not extend it to other cases? In every state in the Union there is a vast deal of tax-dodging by men who undervalue their property for taxation purposes, or fail to return it in order to escape taxation. Why not make the tax rate so low that there would be no temptation to dodge taxes? The logic of this scheme is, that whenever a law is violated, the fault is in the law itself and not with the violators; hence, it would only be necessary to repeal all laws to prevent crime. We doubt whether such a method will ever be adopted either in the tariff or in anything else.

FOUR NEW PICTURES!

Every reader of THE BLADE is requested to read the announcement at the head of the "Publisher's Desk" column on the next page, the announcement of our four new pictures. They are simply exquisite, and we hope the homes of thousands of THE BLADE'S readers will be adorned by them this fall.

As every one knows, the American navy yards present just now an unwonted scene of activity. Every available man is hard at work preparing the war ships for active service. Of course, this activity was first inspired by the difficulty with Chile; but since the recent trouble in Brazil, it is deemed probable that a portion of the fleet will be sent to Rio Janeiro. The difficulties there have been fomented by English merchants because of the reciprocity agreement between Brazil and the United States; hence the blow there struck at constitutional government is indirectly a blow at the United States. Occasion may arise before the matter is settled for us to enforce the Monroe doctrine of non-interference by European countries with affairs on this side of the Atlantic.

SECRETARY FOSTER has given notice to the Comptroller of the Currency that hereafter if a director of a national bank or any other person indorses beyond the point he could promptly meet if called upon to liquidate, the excess of his indorsements are nothing more nor less worthless paper, and such paper must not be counted as part of the assets of the bank. If this rule had been in force in the past, the Maverick bank would have been closed months ago.

WHO IS YOUR CANDIDATE

FOR THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION?

Send Us Your Card, and Express Your Views as to the Man to Nominate Next Year.

The postal cards are coming in upon us in showers. We desire a larger vote than we had in 1887, if possible. Get the preference of every Republican voter in your neighborhood and send it.

We are getting some cards without names or addresses. We can not use them. Give name, postoffice and state, in every case.

You can send your vote in a letter, if you are writing to us on any other subject; but use a separate slip of paper, and be sure to put your name and address on it, or the person in charge of the vote can not use it.

We can say with entire truth that no newspaper in the United States was more influential in the campaign of 1888, than the Toledo BLADE; and we propose making it even more conspicuous as an advocate of Republicanism in next year's conflict. We believe that a vote given by the immense constituency of The Weekly BLADE, which goes to every state in the Union, will be most valuable as showing the drift of public opinion regarding this matter. We ask, therefore, every reader of THE BLADE to send us his views. Take a postal card and answer upon it.

Write, 1, the name of your first choice for the Republican Presidential nomination;

2, the name of your second choice for the same office;

Sign your name, with your postoffice address and put nothing else upon the card. Address it simply "THE BLADE, Toledo, O." The card will then appear thus:

SMITHVILLE, N. C., Nov. 5, 1891.
1.—Here put 1st choice.
2.—Here put 2d choice.
HENRY W. JOHNSON.

We wish every voter who reads THE BLADE to send us his postal card as soon as possible, as it will take some time to properly tabulate the returns. We propose doing this by states, as we will thus be enabled to see the drift of sentiment in the different sections of the country.

Send us your postal card at once!

PRESIDENTIAL APPOINTMENTS.

President HARRISON very wisely declined to make any of the numerous appointments now pending until the fall elections were over. We may expect therefore to have his nominations made public shortly. Some of these are very important ones, notably the nine circuit judgeships. There are over 100 persons who are applicants for these positions, all gentlemen well and favorably known in the legal profession, and each with a large following of enthusiastic friends who are doing all they can in the way of recommendation and personal appeals to the President. Washington rumor has it that the Indiana circuit judgeship will be given to Attorney-General MILLER, but it is doubtful if this is correct. It is more likely that the President will wait to see if he shall not have a vacancy on the Supreme bench to which he can appoint his old friend and law partner.

There is a vacancy to fill on the court of claims: two inter-state commerce commissioners; a civil service commissioner to succeed Mr. LYMAN, whose resignation, it is understood, has been in the President's hands for some time. There is also a Cabinet vacancy—that caused by the resignation of Secretary of War PROCTOR. Public opinion seems to be about equally divided between STEPHEN B. ELKINS and Ex-Governor CHENEY, of New Hampshire, for this place. The China mission is still vacant, as well as that to Japan. Of the positions lower down in the scale yet to be filled, we may name the governorship of Oklahoma, recorder of the General Land office, the Third Assistant secretary of State, and very probably a Pension commissioner to succeed Mr. RAUM.

President HARRISON'S appointments have, as a rule, been exceptionally good, and it is probable that the masses of the people will be fully satisfied with whoever he shall place in these positions, whether the politicians like them or not.

OUR CONFIDENTIAL TERMS.

With November 1, all our three months' offers for subscriptions to the Weekly BLADE expired. It is now time to get up clubs of yearly subscribers for this, the leading national weekly Republican journal of the United States We have just prepared our confidential club terms to agents, which we will send *only* on application by mail. We have made such liberal rates that any energetic person can, with a reasonable degree of effort, make $10 per day for a few days in canvassing for the Weekly BLADE. Get to work at once before some one else occupies your neighborhood. Send us a postal card asking for our confidential terms to agents, and address it to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Next week will begin a series of papers upon entertainments, which will include descriptions of ways to decorate the rooms, different kinds of games to be played, etc. These, with the menus given each week, will make it an easy matter for the homekeeper to provide a pleasant way for her guests to pass their time, and relieve her from much anxiety. Descriptions will also be given of entertainments suitable for churches, literary societies and charitable organizations.

IN discussing recent events in Brazil, it is well to remember that of her 15,000,000 inhabitants only one-third are whites, the remaining two-thirds being made up of Indians, negroes, and various crosses among these and the whites. Over 75 per cent of the population is absolutely illiterate. It will be seen that such people constitute very poor material for a republican form of government.

THE New York *Press* calls the attention of free traders to the fact that at the manufacturing town of Dolgeville, N. Y., the wages of men employed in the factories there have been raised 12 per cent since the passage of the new tariff law, while the hours have been reduced from 10 to 9½ per day.

THE KANSAS Republicans are up with the times. They are already organizing for Blaine and McKinley clubs for the Presidential campaign of next year.

CHEAPNESS AND QUALITY.

The inquiry is often made by intending purchasers of an encyclopedia how it is possible for us to furnish the twenty massive volumes of the "Revised Encyclopedia Britannica" in connection with a year's subscription to the Weekly BLADE for so small a sum as $7.50. People can not realize how so much value can be given for so little money, but the causes of our ability to do this are plain and simple.

In the first place, the work being bound, not in cloth, but in heavy jute manilla paper, can be forwarded through the United States mails to any part of the Union at the low rate charged for second-class mail matter. If it were bound in cloth, sheep, or morocco, the expenses of transportation by express or otherwise would add very largely to the cost of the work to the purchaser.

Second, we make no profit out of our subscribers on this work. If it were sold through the regular channels of trade it would have to pass through the hands of the jobber and the retailer, each of whom would demand a profit. In such a case the cost of the book to the ultimate purchaser would be at least double what we ask. We sell to you at wholesale, dispensing with the middle men, and thus saving you fully one-half on your purchase.

Third, there is an enormous demand for this magnificent encyclopedia and the editions printed are so large that the cost of production is minimized. Two years ago it would have been impossible to purchase such a work in the United States for less than $60, if obtained through the regular trade channels. Weekly papers have done more to supply their subscribers with high-class literature at a low price than all other agencies combined, and it is well known that when a leading newspaper offers a good article cheap the sales are great.

A closing word about the "Revised Encyclopedia Britannica." It is printed from new electrotype plates on first-class paper, the mechanical execution is of the best, the maps are equal to any. There are maps of every country in the world and every state of the union, twenty volumes of 7,000 pages, containing 10,000,000 words, 4,000 biographies not contained in the costly and obsolete English works and their reprints; and all this and a first-class weekly newspaper for one year is to be had for $7.50. When you realize that the cost is less than ten cents for a hundred double-column pages, you can see what a fund of important information is furnished for so little money. For ordinary use the heavy manilla binding is as serviceable as cloth, and the work with proper care, will last a lifetime.

A BRITISH VIEW OF IT.

The story that Russia was about to prohibit the export of wheat, at well as of oats and barley, from the empire, has been mooted a number of times lately, until it has about lost influence upon the grain market. We have just received a copy of the Glasgow *Herald* of October 30, which contains a long editorial article going to show that such action by Russia is by no means impossible. It says the Russian minister of the Interior has been for some time earnestly demanding the prohibition of the export of wheat from that country, but that he had been opposed by the minister of Finance on the ground that such prohibition would injure the new Russian loan in Paris but the second installment of that loan was to be paid in Paris November 5, and the *Herald* deems it unlikely that, after this, the subscribers will forfeit their deposits by refusing to pay the future installments; and that therefore the prohibition of all exports of grain from Russia may be looked for at any time. In fact, it is announced again in to-day's cables.

With regard to the effect of this prohibition upon this country, the *Herald*, says it follows that the United States "will practically have control of the grain market of Western Europe for the next ten months." Of course, it is anticipated that India and other exporting countries will supply as large quantities as they can, as it is reasonable to suppose that when European grain buyers learn to a certainty that no supplies are to be had from Russia the price will rise; but the *Herald* remind its readers that the exports from other countries are small compared with those of the United States, and hence it is clear that we will sell to Europe unprecedented quantities of food during the next ten months.

This matter the *Herald* thinks will make us masters of the gold situation. It admits that it is evident that we can take practically as much gold as we think fit, and the important question in Europe is how much we will consider indispensable. On this part of the subject the discussion of the *Herald* is so thoroughly good that we quote it entire:

The secretary may not require the whole of the fourteen millions referred to above, or even half as much, for the receipts of gold at the treasury from the mines of the United States average a half a million sterling per month. He may thus see that the whole of the amount raised at home will now flow into the treasury, and he may be content with two or three millions from Europe. So, there does not seem any reasonable probability that the demands of bankers will be large.

From a return furnished to the comptroller of the currency it appears that the total cash reserves of all the national banks in the United States amounted, on the 9th of July, to 68¾ millions sterling in round figures, or nearly 20 per cent of their liabilities. It is true that no return was made up before the harvest was gathered in, before speculation sprang up, or trade had begun to improve.

Still, it is to be recollected that treasury notes at the rate of about a million sterling per month have been issued since, and also that gold has flowed into the treasury at the rate of nearly half a million sterling per month, while about five millions sterling in gold have been received from Europe. Thus there has been since July a very considerable addition to the money in the United States, and it would seem to follow that the banks are in so strong a position that they will not need inconveniently large amounts of gold from Europe to enable them to satisfy the demands of their customers.

Further, speculation in American railroad securities, which was running rampant in August and September, has quieted down, and consequently the debt due from Europe to America has not increased as much as looked likely a little while ago. On the other hand, Europeans are buying for investment American railroad bonds more freely than they have done for a year or two past. Upon the whole, it seems clear that America can take as much gold as it requires, but that the secretary of the treasury is not in a hurry to get back the 14 millions which he lost between August last year and September of this year. The shipments to the United States will not be large as to inconvenience our market, and, moreover, it seems clear that the demand will fall directly far more upon France and Germany than upon ourselves.

THE opinion grows at the State department at Washington that the absurd stories which have been printed in English newspapers concerning the actions and remarks of Minister EGAN and Captain SCHLEY, in connection with the Chilean troubles, are base and malignant falsehoods, and written with a purpose—to foment a feeling of hostility between Chile and ourselves, in order to break off reciprocity arrangements. The same thing appears to be more or less true concerning the troubles in Brazil.

MR. RUSSELL, the Democratic governor-elect of Massachusetts, disclaims any desire for a Vice Presidential nomination. MR. RUSSELL'S disclaimer is entirely unnecessary. If any one of the Democratic governors who escaped wreck this fall gets the second place on the Democratic ticket, that honor will go to Governor BOIES, of Iowa.

LORD SALISBURY ON THE GROWTH OF PROTECTION.

The speech of England's prime minister, Lord SALISBURY, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, Guild hall, London, on the evening of November 8, is attracting the attention of the world. He declared that there is nothing in the European situation injurious to the prospects of peace, and that the warfare of nations is slowly changing its field to industrial competition. He continues as follows:

The great subjects of consideration are these treaties of commerce expiring next year. The great question is, What tariff will the various nations adopt in respect to each other? I think I can hold out to England, as regards material warfare, the most promising anticipations, so far as present prospects go.

Respecting the industrial warfare, which has for its weapons protective legislation and for its prizes the markets of the various countries, I am afraid we must be content to occupy for a time a peculiar and isolated position. The cause of protection does not sink, it rises. The recent elections in America have shown a slight reaction, but it has spent its forces. The only free trade colony is Sydney, and that, I am afraid, no longer has an unspotted robe.

Lord SALISBURY does not seem to agree with the usual run of free trade cant in the United States. He has got beyond such statements as that protection is designed to favor manufacturers at the expense of consumers, and so on. He puts in plain words the fact that the object of protection is to hold markets and foster trade. There is an undertone of sadness in his remark that England will have to occupy an isolated position if she adheres to free trade. He has the sagacity to read the signs of the times aright in the United States. He admits that the cause of protection "only sinks to rise." Our elections last year showed a slight reaction from protection, but he sees from the results this year that the reaction has spent its force and the protection wave is again rising.

Only one of England's numerous colonies, that of New South Wales, which he refers to by the name of its capital, Sydney, is free trade, and the cause is waning there. It is a singular fact that you can never get a free trader in this country to tell why, though Great Britain is free trade, her colonies are protectionist. Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and British Columbia, composing all of Great Britain's colonies on the continent of North America, are all protectionist. So are Jamaica, Barbadoes, Dominica, Bermuda and British Guiana, her colonies in the West Indies and South America. So is every one of the Australian colonies except New South Wales; so are New Zealand and Tasmania. Every one of them has gone back on the policy of the mother country, and adopted protection in order to foster their industrial independence.

The meaning of this is not far to seek. Great Britain, when she started out on a policy of free trade, determined, if possible, to make herself the world's manufacturer. The other nations were to furnish her the raw material, and buy of her the finished goods. The profit arising from turning this raw material into goods ready for consumption was to remain with herself. Protection was adopted by other nations in order to preserve their own markets for themselves, and foster their industrial development. Every great nation of the civilized world except Great Britain is protectionist. Lord SALISBURY'S speech is very nearly an admission that the cause of free trade is a hopeless one, and the set-back which has been given to the cause in the United States is accepted by him as meaning that fact.

ENGLISH VIEWS OF M'KINLEY.

In England all interest in our November elections was centered in the Ohio campaign, and the election of MCKINLEY to the governorship on a square tariff issue is received by our British friends with every demonstration of the most lively disgust. They seem to look upon the event as a distinct grievance, and to regard Major MCKINLEY as a man actuated by direct personal hatred of their own country. It is not unnatural that this should be the case, but this view of the Major and his opinions is entirely untrue. He is looking at the best interests of the United States, regardless of those of all other countries. He believes in fostering our own industries and in building up here a consuming class that will very speedily render our farmers entirely independent of the European market for their surplus of grain and other food products.

Neither Major MCKINLEY nor any other intelligent American desires to see industrial establishments closed and workmen thrown out of employment, either in England or in any other European country. The object of our new tariff law was not to bring about such results, but to keep our own farmers and workmen employed. When it comes to a question whether our own people shall have steady employment at good wages, or whether they shall be thrown out of work in order to accommodate foreign populations, no one can wonder that every true American takes the side of his own country. It may create disturbances in other countries, but we can not for that reason put a check upon the development of our own industries and the progress of our own prosperity.

A REQUEST TO BLADE READERS.

We have a special request to make to every subscriber and reader of the Weekly BLADE. We have made similar requests before, but never so earnestly as we make it to-day. We desire every one of them who can possibly spare a few minutes' time, to sit down and write us the addresses of all his friends. We want lists of names of people who do not take THE BLADE, to the extent of all the time you are willing to devote to it. If you can send but six names, we shall be glad to receive them; if you send a dozen, or twenty-five, or one hundred, the list will be all the more acceptable. These lists will be filed until December, then we will send sample copies of The Weekly BLADE to every one. If we can get 500 000 names, we shall be all the better pleased. We ask that you will take care to give the names of people who appreciate a good newspaper, and who do not now take the Weekly BLADE. We want Democrats as well as Republicans, as fair-minded men of all parties appreciate a thoroughly good, clean, well-edited national newspaper.

IT is understood that at the coming session of Congress an effort will be made to have the immigration laws so amended as to enable the evil of assisted immigration to be successfully met. This is a ticklish subject for our law-makers, and they "go slow," in order not to risk offending the so called "foreign vote;" but the fact becomes more clear as time goes on that the American people, both native and foreign born, will support legislation intended to stop the practice of making the United the dumping-ground for the refuse of the slums of Europe.

THE next annual encampment of the G. A. R., which is to be in Washington city, has been fixed for September 20. This is a month or more later than usual, and is a decided improvement, when the Washington climate is considered. August in that city would be simply unbearable.

THE SAYWARD CASE.

One of the most important cases which the United States Supreme Court has ever been called upon to decide, is that of the Canadian sealer Sayward, which is now being argued. This is not because of the value of the little schooner, whose forfeiture to our government or return to her owners depends upon the court's finding; but because it is the first time, we believe, in the history of the civilized world, that one nation ever went voluntarily into a court of another country, and asked it to decide a matter in controversy between the two governments. In this the Sayward case is without precedent.

The facts are simply these: The laws of the United States prohibit sealing in the waters of our half of Bering sea during the breeding season of those animals. The Canadian schooner Sayward violated this law. She was overhauled and captured by an United States vessel, at a point in Bering sea 49 miles from the coast of Alaska. She was taken to Sitka, where the United States district court pronounced the vessel forfeited under the law.

The British government petitioned the Supreme court of the United States to issue an injunction to prevent the execution of the decree of the inferior court, on the ground of lack of jurisdiction. The law of nations recognizes the jurisdiction of every government over the water for a distance of three nautical miles from shore; beyond this three-mile limit is the "high seas," the highway of nations, and under the exclusive control of none. To this there is but one exception. It is where the conformation of the shore is such that it surrounds or embraces a portion of the sea so as to make it a "closed sea." A nation may have exclusive jurisdiction over a closed sea without reference to the three-mile limit.

There seems to be no doubt that Russia, while she possessed Alaska, held Bering sea to be a closed sea; and that, when she sold it to us in 1867, she conveyed to us all the rights and privileges she enjoyed over the eastern half of that sea. She still maintains exclusive jurisdiction over the western half of the sea, which remains in her possession. Great Britain claims that she never formally conceded or recognized Russia's claim to exclusive jurisdiction over Bering sea; that it is part of the high seas, free to all; and that, as the Sayward was taken while outside the three-mile limit, the United States court had no jurisdiction.

It is impossible to say what view the Supreme court may take of the matter. It may decline to pass judgment on the question thus raised, as to whether the United States has or has not jurisdiction over half of Bering sea, on the ground that it is a matter to be settled by the treaty-making power, and not by a court. We should not be surprised if this should prove to be the case. Or it may go into the matter of the treaties, international conventions, etc., bearing on the case, and thus set up a precedent which will be a distinct step toward the reign of universal peace, should its decision be accepted by Great Britain. It would show that a large class of international disputes could be decided by tribunals of last resort, without recourse to the arbitrament of the sword, or the devious paths of diplomatic haggling.

The Prince of Wales would be greatly disappointed if he sought to gather the facts in relation to his mother's half-century reign from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, for that work contains no mention of the Queen whatever. Neither does it find space for the lives of any of the living celebrities who have made the "Victorian age" more illustrious than that of Augustus, Elizabeth or Queen Anne. Gladstone, Salisbury, Disraeli, Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall—you may search in vain for any line to tell of their existence. But in the *Revised Encyclopædia Britannica* the life stories of these and of nearly four thousand more distinguished men and women of every country are to be found. Yet the British book is held at a prohibitive price, and is only available by millionaires, while the American work can be had for so low a price that the mechanic and the farmer will never feel the cost. Read THE BLADE'S offer on the 7th page of this issue.

THERE is a tempest in a teapot at Chicago over a remark made by BEN BUTTERWORTH at a dinner of the Standard Club. He said, "If I owned Italy I would sell some of the Madonnas and crucifixions, and with the money I would build school houses all over the land." Some over-sensitive Chicago people who belong to the Roman Catholic church imagined this to be an attack upon their religion, and grew angry. Mr. BUTTERWORTH'S explanation of his meaning is a reasonable one to every fair-minded man. By the term "Madonnas and crucifixion" he referred to the great art treasures stored up in the picture galleries of Italy, the value of which he thinks could be better applied to the education of the people.

IT is developed that there exists in China an organization known as The Koloa society, which has for its principal object the driving out of all foreigners. It is a secret organization, whose branches extend to nearly every province of the vast empire, and the men concerned in the murder of the missionaries and the destruction of their churches recently, are members of it. The government arrested the chief of the Koloa and tortured him in order to obtain the names of his fellow conspirators. Still it was the part of wisdom for our government to send a naval force into Chinese waters in order to protect the interest of American citizens in the empire. With a nation like China, a first class man of war is a far more potent argument than any which diplomacy can offer.

CHICAGO is rejoicing over a cablegram from Germany which says the bakers in Berlin are not able to supply the demand for corn-bread. This goes to show that the efforts to acquaint the German people with the merits of this excellent and cheap food product are beginning to be successful. Well may Chicago rejoice; for corn will not take the place of wheat among the German people, but that of rye. Its introduction there will make a market abroad for more of our corn, and not diminish the European demand for wheat.

THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

We have not offered a sewing machine in connection with the Weekly BLADE for three years past. There has, however, been a constant demand, and we long since saw the importance of getting one to use with the Weekly BLADE, but until now have been unable to find one good enough. But we have succeeded at last. We now have the best sewing machine ever offered with a paper, and one as good as the highest-priced machine ever put upon the market.

This machine is new, simple and perfect. It has a high arm, and every convenience for rapid and effective work found in any other machine now on the market. In point of fact, we believe it is not only equal to, but in advance of all others. We could not afford to offer it to our subscribers if it were not the best.

We might have made this announcement a little earlier, but we deemed it best to wait until everything was in perfect order, and we were ready to ship machines as soon as the order was received, thus avoiding all delay. We are now prepared to ship 50 machines per day, and by the holidays will undoubtedly have to do so.

The rate at which we offer it—$18 for the new Blade Sewing Machine and one copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year—is $4 cheaper than any machine offered with any other newspaper. Yet we are certain that our machine is worth double any other newspaper machine.

The most remarkable part of our offer is, that we give a machine free for 30 yearly subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, accompanied by $30. We do not require these these names all to be sent in at once. They may be sent us in installments, each part numbered consecutively. As soon as we have received 30 names and $30, we will immediately ship the machine.

It will be found extremely easy for any young lady, wife or mother to raise a club of 30 names at a dollar each, in a week or ten days' time. We also call the attention of charitable organizations to the fact that they can thus easily put a machine into the hands of any poor, worthy seamstress, too many of whom, unfortunately, are to be found in any community.

Everything about the new Blade Sewing Machine will be found exactly as represented in the advertisement given elsewhere. If it does not prove so after you get the machine, all you need do is notify us that the machine is not satisfactory. We shall then order it returned and refund the money, unless you desire us to send another in its place. Hence a subscriber is at positively no risk whatever.

We are selling this machine without any profit whatever, simply in the interest of increasing the subscription list to the Weekly BLADE. While the offer of the machine for 30 names and $30 will only net us a small amount for each subscription to the paper—much less than the cost—yet we hope for hundreds of such orders. We would much sooner sell the machine in that way than to single subscribers. Send in your orders at once!

ECLIPSES AND SUPERSTITION.

The total eclipse of the moon Sunday evening, had it occurred a few centuries ago, would have been regarded as a dire portent of evil to come upon humanity. Eclipses are so regarded at the present day among savage nations. Some of them, had they witnessed Sunday night's phenomenon, would have imagined that some demon was swallowing the moon, and would have made the night hideous with the beating of drums and frightful yells, intended to frighten the supposed fiend from his work of destruction.

The idea of these savages is an illustration of the fact that ignorance is the mother of superstition. The human mind always seeks to give a cause to every event. And it is a fact whose truth is proved by thousands of instances that where through ignorance the cause of any event can not be understood, the tendency is to assign it to the supernatural. To the untutored savage, the thunder in the storm-cloud is the voice of an angered deity; the lightning is his arrow of vengeance; the sough of the night wind is the wail of some unquiet spirit.

The civilized portion of humanity has, of course, got far beyond this stage. We understand enough of nature's laws to assign the true causes to many phenomena which perplex uncivilized man; but there are many mysteries within the arcana of nature which are as yet beyond our ken. When something belonging to the unknown comes under our cognizance, we are often inclined, like the savage, to attribute it to the work of some supernatural power, rather than to admit that there are natural laws of which we are as yet ignorant, and that whatever it may be that puzzles us should be considered as due to them. Such phenomena should be considered matters for scientific investigation, instead of following the savage's example, and relegating them to the realm of the supernatural. The universe is governed by law; that we do not as yet fully understand the law is no excuse for superstition.

WHO MAKES THE TIN!

The tin plate industry in Wales is in a bad way since the tin schedule of the new tariff law went into effect. The mills at Swansea will be closed when they have finished their present contracts, because there is no demand for their product. Everybody knows, of course, that as much tin plate is used now as ever. In point of fact, the demand this year is somewhat greater than usual, because the enormous fruit crop of this country caused a very lively demand for cans. Somebody must be turning out a large amount of tin plate to keep the market supplied. If the Welsh mills are not doing it—and it is certain they are not—who can it be? We don't know what reply the free traders will make to this query, but the correct answer is, the new American mills are supplying that demand.

IN various parts of the country, wages are going up because of the new tariff law. The wages of the weavers in the Barnaby mills, Fall River, Mass., have just been advanced. At the Wamsutta mills, New Bedford, the wages in various grades of work have been increased. At the recent meeting of furnace owners in the Mahoning valley at Youngstown, O., it was decided to increase the wages of all employes 10 per cent. These are facts to be remembered for the benefit of our free trade friends.

THE Bureau of American Republics at Washington, has published its bulletin No. 9, entitled "Mexico." It is a beautiful volume of 347 pages, well illustrated, with very complete map of Mexico, containing a historical sketch of the country, chapters on its industries and resources, its land system and political system, with the latest statistics of its trade. This bulletin is invaluable to merchants seeking to enlarge their trade with Mexico, and to all who have any thoughts of entering into any business relations whatever in that republic.

CURRENT EVENTS

London has ten main railroad lines.

Key West has 4,000 idle cigarmakers.

Houses are insured against burglary.

Rope is made from an Arizona plant.

Kansas has twenty-two women editors.

The queen of Denmark is 74 years old.

Switzerland has abolished national banks.

Australia has a women's industrial league.

Chief Arthur was an engineer twenty years.

Vienna painters run an apprentices' school.

An electric type-setting machine is coming.

Williamsport has the biggest suspender mill.

Uncle Sam spends $600,000,000 a year on tobacco.

New York has twenty-five labor singing societies.

Switzerland will have an international labor congress.

Paris unions sent $3,000 to London striking carpenters.

Germany's cavalry horses are shod with paper shoes.

Valladolid, (Spain) laborers have struck for eight hours.

Indianapolis will hold mass meetings on Thanksgiving.

United States farm mortgages amount to $18,35,575,000.

In Japan every workman has his employer's name on his cap.

Sir Arthur Sullivan will write the music for Lord Tennyson's new play.

Rosa Bonheur is at work on her painting of Buffalo Bill's Indians and buffaloes.

Thirty barrels of incense were burned during a three days' ceremonial in Siam recently.

Albert Bierstadt has sold his great painting, "The Last of the Buffaloes," for $50,000.

In Bali, an island in the Indian archipelago east of Java, the burning of widows still goes on.

New York people are now giving William Wilde, the last husband of Mrs. Frank Leslie, charming dinners.

Rio Janiero's principal street is only 36 feet wide, only half a mile long, and no carriages are allowed to enter it.

The king of Sweden is a great swimmer and had an ambition in his youth to emulate the deeds of the Berserkers.

A Mr. Harlison, of California, the largest beekeeper in the world, has 5,000 hives, producing 200,000 pounds of honey a year.

Daniel Dougherty, the silver-tongued orator, made his first money handling the ribbons over his father's 'bus team in Philadelphia

Publishers' Desk.

CLOSING OUT SALE.

We have decided to publish no more of the following books and pictures, and for the purpose of closing out the stock on hand, we offer them at about the cost of production. It will be necessary to order very quickly as we have but a few of each left. This will be the last opportunity of purchasing Nasby's books, and hundreds will want Miss Bouton's "Health and Beauty" after they are gone.

We will send (until the stock is exhausted) pictures of President Harrison and John Calvin for 10 cents each, postpaid by mail. The former price was 25 cents.

The following paper-covered "Nasby" books (former price 50 cents) we will send by mail postpaid at 25 cents each: "A Paper City," "Abou Ben Adhem," and "Eckoes From Kentucky."

About fifty copies of Miss Bouton's "Health and Beauty," cloth, (former price $1) we will send postpaid by mail at 75 cents each. Don't delay if you want any of these books or pictures.

FOUR ENTIRELY NEW PICTURES,

And Four Not Very Old Ones, For Blade Readers.

THE BLADE'S pictures have heretofore been very successful, and we have furnished thousands of our readers with best of copies of renowned paintings at prices less than half the art stores charge. We are glad to announce *four* NEW pictures now ready for mailing, as follows:

"**The Roman Chariot Race,**" in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is in *full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. It represents the mode of racing in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong form around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal of the races. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses caparisoned with gorgeous trappings and driven by charioteers in bright colors, make one of the most remarkable examples of vigor and action, combined with beauty of color, detail and rare execution.

"**The Retreat from Moscow—1814,**" by Meissonier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In *full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. At the head of his conquering soldiers in the midst of winter Napoleon has driven before him the Russians and penetrated to the heart of their country only to find when he arrived at the imperial city of Moscow that the inhabitants have fled, leaving every house in the city in flames. The picture that the artist has depicted in this great painting. The great original painting was sold in Paris within the last eighteen months for $170,000, one of the highest prices on record for a modern picture.

"**Christ Leaving the Prætorium,**" by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. The scene represents Christ descending the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction. The gaping crowd, some of them friends, others attracted by excitement, the leering Jews pressing forward with uplifted hands; the poor and wretched, who adored him, expressing the most profound sympathy with whom he had healed and those who still craved his divine help all pressing forward to get one last glance at him, while the Roman soldiers, with spears and shields driving them back are graphically displayed in this wonderful picture.

"**Women and Children First,**" by C. Napier Hemy, one of the first of marine artists of England, a fine photo etching, 21x28 inches. The story is here told with all the power of art, filling the picture with the heroic in human life, and the sublime and terrible in nature. On the left looms up the dark side of a huge ship, at the mercy of the wind and waves. Directly in the front of the picture, a life boat, "The Good Samaritan," is seen. Sturdy hands pull at the heavy oars while other strong men are rescuing the women and children first from the fated vessel. The climax of heroism in this admirable picture is on the deck of the wrecked vessel, where the man, looking death in the face, are shouting as she goes down, "Save the Women and Children First."

"**Napoleon at Friedland, 1807,**" the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier. It represents Napoleon haluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors, faithfully reproducing the detail, brilliancy and sentiment of the original.

"**Christ Before Pilate,**" by Munkassy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is *not* the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is *in colors*, 17x24, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000. It represents the Savior brought to the Pretorium, or residence of the Roman governor, Pilate, at Jerusalem. He stands erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on Pilate's face.

"**The Grand Canal of Venice,**" by Turner, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay, in the center are the steps and a portion of the church of Santa Maria della Salute; beyond this, the custom-house. Opposite, in the middle distance, is the Ducal Palace, and beyond it, towering above the city roofs, the campanile (bell-tower) of St. Mark's church. The canal is filled with barges and gondolas, and is the busiest and gayest part of Venice. The picture is 17x22 inches.

"**The Horse Fair,**" by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes so that we have obtained a fresh supply, though not a large number. Order promptly if you desire a copy of this superb work of art.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 cents.

Or, we will send any *five* of them you may choose for One Dollar.

Or, we will send you the entire *eight* pictures for $1.50.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

MAJOR McKINLEY'S PORTRAIT.

We have just prepared a magnificent portrait of Major Wm. McKinley, the famous champion of the protective policy. It is by all odds the finest portrait we have ever offered our readers. It is 21½x28 inches in size, and will be an ornament to the walls of any home. Every one of our subscribers in Ohio will want one, and we anticipate a large demand from Republicans all over the United States who admire and honor Mr. McKinley.

We will send a copy to any one by mail post paid, in a stout pasteboard tube to assure its safety, for 25 cents.

Or we will send a copy of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months and one of these McKinley portraits for 35 cents. The price of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months is 25 cents; hence we offer the portrait for ten cents additional when taken in connection with THE BLADE. This offer, however, cannot be made except the money for both THE BLADE and portrait come at one time.

Send in your orders immediately! Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

SMOKING AMONG THE CLERGY.

Some Englishmen View the Practice With Horror and Disgust.

Some people are so dreadfully particular that there is no pleasing them. This would seem to be the case with the correspondent of the *Sunday Times* who writes to complain of the wickedness of those abandoned clergymen who "offend the susceptibilities of many" by smoking cigarettes in public places.

Such conduct, this gentleman thinks, is "calculated to do great harm," and he holds that if ministers of religion must smoke they ought to smoke in private.

Now, it is open to any man to hold these opinions, and it is also open to any other man to confute them. If smoking is wrong, then no man ought to smoke even in secret, and if smoking is not wrong, there is nothing in the habit which seems to call for the secrecy.

As to the argument about the offending of susceptibilities, susceptibilities so easily offended are not things to be encouraged and deferred to. Otherwise they are likely to increase or develop until human life becomes well-nigh intolerable.

Ice by Gas.

Mr. S. P. Sticker, an engineer of Buffalo, N. Y., claims to have discovered a method of making ice by means of illuminating gas, which may be returned to the mains after use without deterioration. By experiments in the works of the Provincial Gas company at International Bridge, Ont., he produced a temperature of 80 degrees below zero by the use of water and gas only, without chemicals.

Women Want to Study.

The advocates of woman's higher education in Berlin are about to present their fifth petition to the Prussian lower house for the admission of women as students at the universities. When a woman will she will, and the German petitioners take heart from the fact that the women of England and America did not obtain these privileges until after a long and determined struggle.

What Water in Georgia Rye?

There are some rye and turnip patches in Georgia where the professional rainmaker might profitably put in a few hours' work.—[Atlanta Constitution.

Science Causerie.

A Substitute for Glass.

An Austrian chemist—Herr Friedrich Eckstein, of Vienna—has invented a substance having all the transparent properties of glass, but in the place of the brittleness which has become proverbial in the case of that material, the new substitute has the pliability of india-rubber. The manner in which this new transparent substance is formed is by dissolving from four to eight parts of collodian wool in about one hundred parts, by weight, of ether, or alcohol, or acetic ether. With this from two to four per cent of castor oil or other non-resinous oil, and from four to ten per cent of Canada or other balsam, are intimately combined. The compound, when poured upon a glass plate and subjected to the drying action of a current of air of about 50 deg. centigrade, solidifies in a comparatively short time into a transparent glass-cake sheet or plate, the thickness of which may be varied as required.

The substance so obtained has substantially the same properties as glass, as it not only passes the light, but will resist the action of salts, alkalies, and dilute acids, and has no smell. Its inflammability is much less than that of the collodian substitutes, and it has the advantage of being flexible and unbreakable to a great degree. This compound, as may readily be understood, is of such a nature that any desired color or shade of color may be imparted to it by the admixture of the pigment. The color can either be incorporated with the solvent used in the preparation, or it may be imparted to the surface of the manufactured substance, which may also be ornamented by having a design or picture printed upon it. By the use of aniline dyes the sheets are said to resemble stained glass very closely, and as such are adapted for use in doors and windows.

If magnesium chloride, or grape sugar be also combined with the material its inflammability is still further greatly reduced; while the addition of zinc white or heavy spar, imparts to it the appearance of ivory, and renders it opaque. In the last mentioned form it is said to be suitable for collars, cuffs, shirt fronts, and such like, and articles of this description have already been manufactured from it. By increasing the relative proportions of castor oil and resin, a substance having the toughness and pliability of leather is obtained, from which driving belts and such like may be made. But the inventor expects to find his composition most in demand in its transparent form as a substitute for glass in the production of table and other ware, for which, owing to its non-liability to breakage, it is most suited.

The Planet Jupiter.

Jupiter is much more favorably situated for observation this year than last; and "the great red spot," which five or six years ago had nearly faded out, has brightened up very much, and is now fairly conspicuous, though by no means so much so as when it was new, in 1878 and 1879. The real nature of the spot is still as problematical as ever; its comparative permanency of place and form make it difficult to conceive of it as a mere cloud of any kind; but on the other hand, its very considerable changes of size and appearance, and the variations in its time of rotation, prevent us from accepting it as a continental marking. Possibly it may be a great lake of some sort, changing its place and shape slightly and comparatively slowly by alternate overflow and recession. The planet's satellites have lately been showing now and then peculiar appearances, which indicate that they are heavily marked with dark spots, which sometimes make the disk look double, or hour glass shaped.

Why Icebergs Sail Out.

It has been noticed that icebergs in bays where they are manufactured always float down toward the main ocean, no matter whether the wind and tide are both against them. This is explained by the density of warm and cold water. Cold water, being heavier, sinks to the bottom, and warm water is pushed by the heavier cold water to the top. The cold water from a glacier must, therefore, always be flowing at the bottom of the bay that receives it, toward the warmer water at the equator; and as the larger part of an iceberg is under water, it is borne along by the colder undercurrent, no matter which way the thin upper surface may be flowing. It would seem that in the deeper channels of the ocean's bed there must be always a current of cold, heavy water running down toward the equator, from the melting ice of the arctic region.

About the Sun.

Dunor has just published in full his spectroscopic research upon the sun's rotation, and also a series of observations upon the spectra of sunspots. He fully confirms an old observation by Young, which has hitherto remained without support from other observers—viz., that the sunspot spectrum in the green and blue is made up of a series of close-packed dark lines, with here and there gaps or bright lines between them; it is a discontinuous spectrum, and indicates an absorption, not by anything like smoke, but by gas or vapor of some kind.

The Asteroids.

The asteroids now number 318. The last seven were discovered between Aug. 28 and Sept. 11, four of them by Charlois at Nice, and three by Palisa at Vienna. One or two of them may prove to be merely re-discoveries of some of the older asteroids that have got adrift, i. e., that have escaped observation for some years.

WHY SHE GAVE THE KISS.

Nellie's Curiosity to Know Who Said She Was Bewitching.

"A pretty compliment I heard for you the other day, Miss Nellie," I said as we started down the lake, skating the long roll. Miss Nellie's color heightened, while her eyes danced.

"A certain gentleman told me, Miss Nellie, that yours were the sweetest lips he had ever kissed."

Miss Nellie proceeded to make a great fuss.

"What an infamous story. Who had ever dared—well," she continued, pouting, "I will never forgive you unless you tell me at once the man's name who had the impudence"——

I refused while we skated a mile, and then, down below the bend, relented.

"I will tell you, Miss Nellie, if you in return will—will"——

"Will what?" she said, pretending obtuseness.

"Will let me find out for myself."

Ten minutes later we were gliding back up the lake, skating slowly now. The pout on Nellie's lips was replaced by a dancing smile.

"But, see here," she said, "you haven't told me yet; you haven't kept your word, though — I've — kept — mine"—(furious blushes here.)

"Well," said I, playing my last trump card, "nobody ever said such a thing to me; but now I say it to you, and I know whereof I speak."—[N. Y. Herald.

A TERPSICHOREAN PROBLEM.

Why 'tis young men no longer dance,
The ladies are inquiring.
Is it from want of complaisance,
Or are they too retiring?
Or can it be they are afraid
To mingle in the "mazy?"
Or do they ballroom floors evade
Because they are too lazy?
Is their disinclination bred
Of coyness or of weakness!
Of strong misogynistic dread?
Or unenvying slowness?
Well, as a fact, if we to-day
May hazard a suggestion,
We can, we think, without delay
Decide this doubtful question.
One simple reason we'll advance
To check a growing fable:
Young men at present do not dance
Because they are not able.
—[London Truth.

First Step in Love.

Cora—Did you ever go to a fortune-tellers?

Merritt—Yes, my dear. I went to Bradstreet's to find out about your father's fortune.—[Epoch.

FILL YOUR PURSE and improve your condition. Why not? You can do so honorably, surely. Have you read our illustrated advertisement in the first number of this paper, this month? If not do so, if you have it. We can and will, if you please, teach you quickly and without PAY, how to earn from $3 to $15 a day at the start, and more as you go on. You can commence at home, in any part of America. We start you. Both sexes. All ages. Easy to learn and manage. All particulars FREE. Better write at once, if you haven't already. Address Stinson & Co., Box 1600, Portland, Maine.

A PROFESSIONAL GRIMACIER.

Strange Japanese Freak that Will be Exhibited at the World's Fair.

In Japan the theaters are somewhat primitive institutions, and the performances on a Japanese stage are generally meaningless and unintelligible to a foreigner. The most highly esteemed among Japanese actors are the professional "grimacers," or distorters of faces, and they can turn and twist their

MORIMOTO.

countenances in such a wonderful fashion that in many cases they resemble veritable false faces or masks, which among the Japanese are valued almost as highly as their religion, with which they are closely identified. The wooden masks or false faces, which were used in the religious dances of the Japanese, originated with Buddhism during the sixth century of our chronology, and even at the present day every professional

THE GOD OF RICHES PLEASED.

grimacier aims to imitate as closely as possible these wooden masks.

The most celebrated grimacier of Kioto, says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, a curiosity which it has been decided will be shown at the World's Fair at Chicago in the Japanese department, is Morimoto, whose picture and distorted physiognomy we print herewith.

This man possesses the knack of distorting and dislodging the nerves and muscles of his body in a most stupefying manner. He can raise his lower lip and chin in such a way that the point of his nose is entirely hidden from view, or he can make his whole mouth disappear in the creases and wrinkles of his cheek, performing the most excruciating grimace tricks.

THE GOD OF RICHES DISPLEASED.

One of his star tricks is that of representing in caricature the god Darma, the most popular of the Japanese gods. He is always represented without nether limbs, and when Morimoto gives his person with some red shawls he always appears to be without legs entirely.

The Japanese legend refers to Darma as a hermit who lived in the wilderness of the mountains, and who walked forever like "The Wandering Jew," finally wearing his legs completely away. Darma, says the legend,

REPRESENTATION OF DARMA.

was an Indian by birth, who came to Japan to preach Buddhism and who made the Japanese people acquainted with the tea plant.

Morimoto has certainly one of the most versatile physiognomies imaginable, as is evidenced by the sketches annexed to this article.

He loves the "flowing cup," however, and is hardly ever sober between the performances, but that does not interfere with his theatrical duties, which he performs conscientiously, the ways of modern prime donne being entirely foreign to him.

SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY.

"That young De Vere is a very promising fellow." "Ah! How much did you lend him?"—[Baltimore American.

Yabsley—"Does your wife ever choose your clothes for you?" Wickwire—"No; she merely picks the pockets."—[Indianapolis Journal.

It's bad enough to bite off more than you can chew, but it's worse to try to chew it.—Detroit Free Press.

It doesn't always prove an official is burning with public zeal when he fires a lot of subordinates. — [Philadelphia Times.

Five things are essential to success in life. One is a good wife; the four others are money.—[Richmond Recorder.

There is never any difficulty in finding people to play the first fiddle, but O how hard it is to get the rest of the orchestra. —[Ram's Horn.

Ethel—"George said last night that there wasn't a girl in town with a complexion like mine." Maud—"The mean thing."—[Brooklyn Life.

Old Soak—"Self-preservation is the first law of nature." Young Croak—"I suppose that is why you keep yourself in alcohol all the time."—[St. Joseph News.

Women would do better work against the devil if they got down on their knees less for the men and stood up more for the women.—[Atchison Globe.

A Hindoo baby is named when it is 12 days old, and usually by the mother. The names the father calls it then, especially nights, wouldn't usually look well on a visiting card.—[Somerville Journal.

"Say, Bronny," said Hicks, enthusiastically, "you never saw my baby, did——" "No," returned Bronson, shortly. "But I've seen plenty of others. Let's go play billiards.—[Harper's Bazar.

WIND AND SEA.

Last night the sea wind was to me
A metaphor of liberty,
And every wave along the beach
A starlit music seemed to be.

To-day the sea wind seemed to me
A fettered soul that would be free,
And dumbly striving after speech
The tide yearns landward painfully.

To-morrow how shall sound for me
The changing voice of wind and sea?
What tidings shall be born of each?
What rumor of what mystery?
—[William Watson in the Woman's Journal.

The Color of Things.

A newspaper—read.
The wind—blew.
A study—brown.
A country boy—green.
A cat—purrple.
A small bottle—vialet.
A baby—yeller.
A good man—white.
Of perfection—pink.—[Detroit Free Press.

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PHASES OF MODERN LIFE.

Some Light, Some Dark, and All of Human Interest.

They were lunching at the Richelieu and talked louder than they intended. One was exquisitely begowned, and the other was congratulating her on her appearance.

"But it must have been very expensive, that gown," she said.

"Didn't cost me a cent.," said the other, with a smile.

"Why, what do you mean?" queried the other.

"Why, I took it on approval. Don't you understand?"

"I do not."

"Why, I went to Field's and picked it out, and they sent it home for approval."

"It satisfies you?"

"Perfectly."

"Then it will cost you something."

"Not a cent. It came yesterday. I am going to make some calls to-morrow. I shall wear it and to-morrow send it back."

The other didn't reply. And the beautifully begowned one continued:

"It is a perfect dream of a scheme. Whenever one wants to be a little swell one can do as I have done, and without cost. To be sure, one mustn't go too often, and once in a while one must buy a gown. But doing as I, yes, and as many others do, for the price of one gown one can have the use of several. Only one must be careful not to commit the error a friend of mine did."

"What was that?"

"Why, she took a gown and kept it for several days. Of course, gowns sent on approval are not expected to be worn. But the clerk who received it and found in the pocket a lady's card case, and pinned inside the waist a letter received from a gentleman friend, must have had his suspicions aroused that the gown at least had been worn. I don't know what word was sent back with the case and letter, but I do know that she doesn't give Field the benefit of her custom any more."

Whereat both laughed heartily and, calling the waiter, ordered two pieces of pie.—[Chicago Post.

Who Could Blame Her?

I saw a beautiful little girl being fitted to gloves in a very swell glove shop one day last week. She had eyes of turquoise, hair like spun gold, a complexion as delicate as the leaf of a rose, and had seen about six summers, perhaps not quite so many winters. She was surveying her plump little hands, which had just been encased in tan-colored gloves. With a comical look of dismay she said: "I don't want 'em; I don't lite 'em. I tan't wiggle my finders."

Her mother, a fashionably dressed woman, replied:

"Well, you've got to wear them. You can't be running about the streets bare handed. It is not good form."

And then they walked away, the maiden still protesting that she could not put her "finders" in her "pottt." No doubt, in a few years little Miss Blue Eyes will have developed into a fashionable young woman who lives in gloves, but it will be an acquired taste. Everybody wears gloves, but few like the custom. The latent savage lingering in us calls out for perfect freedom of hand and wrist.—[New York Recorder.

A Colder and a Wiser Man.

A young man climbed deliberately over the railing on the outward end of the Pennsylvania ferryboat Hudson City as it left the Jersey City slip for Cortlandt street, at 2:45 o'clock yesterday afternoon and jumped into the river. When he came to the surface he seized a pole held to him by a deck hand. A ladder was dropped at the side of the boat, which had not got under motion, and the crew pulled the man aboard. He made no explanation, and had very little to say. Nobody appeared to know him. He is about 30 years old. The chilly waters of the Hudson appeared instantly to remove any suicidal intent he may have had, for he clung tenaciously to the pole, and did the best he could to get out of the water. He walked up Cortlandt street, apparently not much the worse for the bath.—[New York Tribune.

Rang the Bells on Him.

"We are able to have a little sport once in a while to relieve the tedium of business," said the electric bell hanger, as he clipped off a length of wire. "A day or two ago a rather tough looking young man came into the shop, and in a confidential sort of a way said:

"'Say, young feller, I've been on a spree, and I'm flat broke. I want to get money enough to get home over in Philadelphia.'

"I gently insinuated that I was sorry, but I was not a millionaire and needed all the money I had.

"'Oh!' he said, 'I don't want you to put up the dust without security. You can take me watch and let me have a tenner. When I git home and straightened up I'll redeem it. Of course you'll take good care of it because it's a sort of souvenir!'

"He hauled out a common oriode watch, value about two dollars, and opened it. 'See,' he said, pointing to the inside of the case. I saw. There was this inscription: 'From mother to Charley; on his twenty-first birthday.'

"I said not a word, but reached under the table, touched the button, and fifteen bells began to ring.

"He grasped the situation, looked at me reproachfully, put the watch in his pocket and walked out."—[New York Herald.

Will the Baby Make a Muff?

A poor little baby seal not longer than a yard stick lay with closed eyes on the hard ground outside the sea lions' tank at Central park yesterday. Once in a while he would roll half way over and sigh audibly, and it didn't require much animal lore to tell that the little seal was dying. In the tank the great rough lions played and splashed and barked, but the little baby seal was oblivious to all their sport, and the crowd that surrounded the iron railing was moved to pity.

"I'd like to pat his head just once," said a soft-hearted young woman. "Poor fellow. He looks as miserable as a fish out of water."

The baby seal is the last of five that John H. Starin brought to the Park when his Glen Island resort closed for the season. The seals didn't thrive in the fresh water, and Superintendent Conklin advised Mr. Starin to dispose of them. Four were sold, two to a trainer, who is teaching them to stand on their heads and do other tricks now. The fifth is the little baby, who is dying for salt water.

"We can't give them salt water here," said Mr. Conklin yesterday. "The sea lions thrive in fresh water, but the seals can't live in it. I'm sorry for the baby, but there's nothing for him to do but die."

There is just about sealskin enough on the little fellow for a good sized muff.—[New York World.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

I am the Chrysanthemum.
I know I'm yaller,
And sometimes yallerer;
But I am in it
Just the same.
I am aware I'm built
Somewhat
After the pattern of a mop;
But you
I am an efflorescent epitome
Of the great American spirit
Of get thar.
For I struck this country
A stranger
Without a scent
And no capital,
Except my blooming shape.
But I stood straight up
And held my head high,
And do yet.
And to-day myself
And my descendents
Are in the floral 400,
And the more
Frills
We develop
The more we're admired.
—[Indianapolis Journal.

Thoroughly Impossible.

Censor—Excuse me, but I must condemn your story almost at the outset; that last paragraph contains a gross impossibility.

Author—How so?

Censor—Why, you make your heroine a Chicago girl.

Author—Yes.

Censor—And just now you speak of her as "advancing with noiseless tread."—[Boston Courier.

A Case of Dead Give Away.

First Citizen—Old Johnson's daughter was married in church to-day.

Second Citizen—Did the old man give her away.

First Citizen—I hardly think he did. I was told that his son-in-law has just paid up the mortgage on his house.—[Drake's Magazine.

OURSELVES AND CHILE.

Pedro Montt, Chilean Minister at Washington.

Two things are evident in the matter of negotiations between the United States and Chilean governments, and even the great flood of gossip by irresponsible newspaper writers does not overwhelm and hide them. The first one is that the government at Washington, while not departing from its original demands regarding the outrage at

PEDRO MONTT.

Valparaiso, is reasonably fair in conceding proper time for the investigation being made by the Junta in Chile, and the second, that the Chilean government is awake to the importance from the standpoint of Chilean interests, of conciliating the government at Washington, with due regard to equity and its own self-respect and dignity. Senor Pedro Montt, Chilean minister to the United States, of whom we give a likeness, has made an excellent impression by his prudence and moderation.

He is now in New Orleans, it is believed to meet the messenger of the Junta who is bringing to this country his credentials as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. Time will be thus saved and the clearing up of the difficulty between the United States and Chilean governments, which is now confidently anticipated, made practicable at an earlier date than it would have been had Senor Montt awaited the messenger's arrival at Washington. Communications from the minister to his government can be made more promptly from New Orleans than from the capital.

MANOLA'S MALE DRESSER.

How He Assists the Charming Prima Donna on the Stage.

There are unwritten laws that govern the dressing-rooms in theaters as well as any other part of the play house, and they are not often violated or changed. But one young actress, with a famous habit of doing freakish things, has caused about a thousand of her contemporaries to say spiteful things of her, and there is a fair chance that a big slander suit will be started here soon as a result of the green room gossip that has been incautiously repeated. It all comes out of Marion Manola's employment of a male dresser. Miss Manola is married and her husband doesn't object to her valet, so she says. That ought to satisfy most people, but it doesn't seem to have silenced the tongue of some of Miss Manola's associates, says a New York correspondent, and hence the threat of a slander suit. A manager of note and a female singer in a rival company will be the defendants if Miss Manola's friends are not astray in their present predictions.

It would be revealed in court that Marion Manola not only pays good wages to a man dresser, but that he works hard for her, and doesn't seem ashamed of his employment. He is a little Englishman of about 22, with an insipid smile and a dapper way about him that tells at once of the trained valet. This is his first appearance in America. When Miss Manola was in London, where she went rather unexpectedly and married "Jack" Mason, the juvenile actor, she saw the little Englishman at work, and she liked his ways. When she needed a new employer Miss Manola hired him, and he came over with her. The modern actress is ingenious and enterprising with devices for getting into print, and it may be that the news here given will serve the Manola's calculated purpose, but it is too interesting to suppress.

Miss Manola was engaged to sing in The Tar and the Tartar a few weeks ago. In this comic opera she is required to wear tights in one act and short skirts in the other scenes. The English valet always keeps the keys of the prima donna's trunks. Half an hour before she arrives at the theater he takes possession of her dressing room and lays out everything in readiness for the actress—her tights, her hose, her slippers, her lingerie, her various changes of costumes and her wrap, her wig. The make-up box is in excellent condition, he assures himself, and the powder cloth is conveniently placed. By that time—for this itinerary is described as by an eye-witness—Miss Manola has reached the theater. It is necessary, then, that she shall get into her tights at once, because they represent the starting point of her stage apparel. The dresser withdraws. This is declared, on the authority of the other female members of the company, who, not being used to valets, have sought to learn the correct usage by observation of Miss Manola's custom. There are some et ceteras that accompany the tights, and they are naturally included in the process of donning. Then it is time for the return of the valet, and from this point his work is in no sense a departure from that of any faithful maid. He deftly slips on Miss Manola's shoes, buttons everything that needs to be buttoned, adjusts and straightens her wig, and in a score of minuter things he is a helper and a human looking glass for his mistress, whom he dresses with both pride and skill. His watchfulness is not relaxed even when she is on the stage. He stands at the entrance, wrap in hand, and when she comes off he is ready to envelope her securely against the dangerous draughts that circulate about the stage. At the close of the performance he is quite invaluable to the actress, who asserts that he is quicker than any maid could be, and that there is always an amount of enthusiasm and care in his work that justifies her in her rather bold innovation.

No other comic opera queen has a luxury just like this valet. That is, perhaps, why Miss Manola's departure from ancient traditions has provoked some of her sisters to say unkind things. She herself scoffs at the criticisms, and explains them as due to jealousy. But the slander suit is hinted at as the outcome of a particularly malicious remark about the tights. Miss Manola was Mrs. Henry S. Mould until she got a divorce from Mr. Mould, who used to be a Cleveland business man before he and she went on the stage. Their daughter is in the mother's custody. The singer's second marriage to Mason robbed the Boston matinee girls of an ideal of ten years' standing. But it was a pure love match.

They Come High.

While the armies of the British Empire cost about $177,000,000 a year, the German army costs about $167,000,000 a year and the French army a little over $140,000,000.

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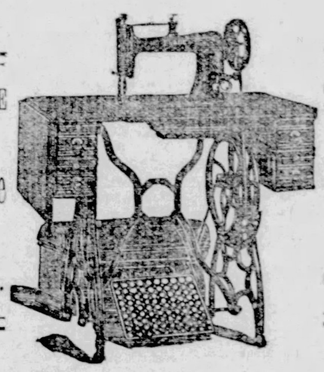

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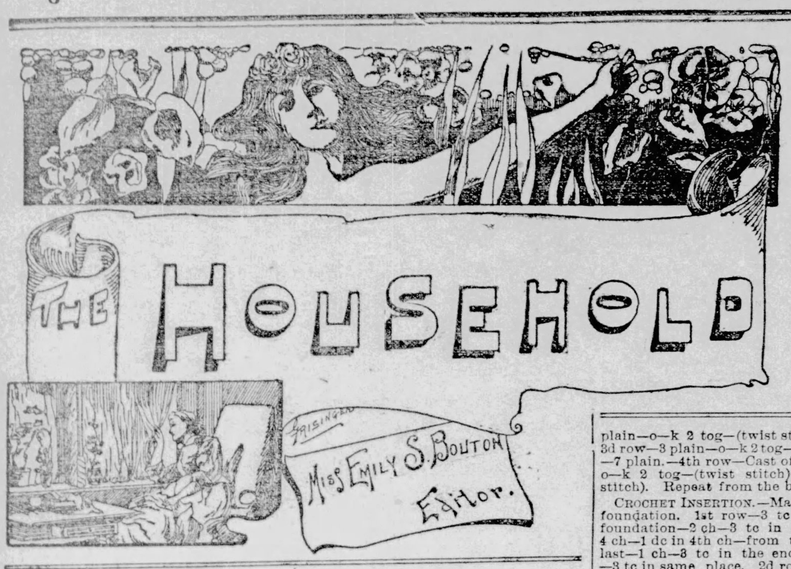
Of Neuralgia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Gall Stones, Nervous Prostration and Female Weakness in a Worst Form.

NORTH SYRACUSE, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1891.
DR. A. OWEN, Chicago, Ill., *Dear Sir*:—After being worn out with pains for five years, and doctoring all those long years, I chanced to see Mrs. Ella Trautman's statement in the National Tribune. As I read it, I thought, as a last resort, I would try some of your Electric Belts, for I had centered with physicians in Syracuse, only receiving temporary relief, and began to think there was no hope for me. I purchased one of your No. 4 Electric Belts and found relief at once. I could feel my diseases gradually disappearing. It is now seven months since I commenced wearing the belt, and I have not taken a drop of medicine since the first day I commenced wearing it. I have worn the belt according to instructions every afternoon since I received it, and to-day I am thankful to you for your wonderful discovery. For two or three years I suffered with dyspepsia, had terrible pains in my side, my food refused to digest. Now I can eat almost anything without any distress in the stomach.
For two long years I did not have a good night's sleep. I was so dreadful nervous that it seemed as if I would be wild. I used to tell my husband that if I could not get rid of this nervousness, I did not wish to live, as life was almost a burden. Worn out and completely discouraged, I at last found relief in your No. 4 Electric Belt, and that is more than doctors did for me. I also had severe pains in my head. At times I could hardly set one go round the room. I can not tell how much I suffered, but the belt has taken away all my nervousness and I can sleep good once more. When I began wearing the belt, I could hardly walk around the house, but after the first week I began to get stronger, and have continued to improve ever since, until to-day I feel like a new person. The belt has given me new life and I can enjoy company once more. Doctor, you don't know how good it seems to get out. It seems as if I was let out of prison. My husband wears the belt in the form of an insole for kidney trouble, and it is helping him. He joins with me in their highest praise. If I could not replace it, I would not take any amount of money for my belt. I would not give my Electric Belt for all the doctors and drugs in Syracuse, if I could not get another. I would say to ladies, who are suffering from diseases peculiar to your sex, to try one of Dr. Owen's Electric Belts, and you will find relief at once, for it did for me what medicine could not do, and I trust it will be the same for you. It will also take away that tired feeling and give you rest at night. Now, doctor, please accept my thanks. You have my permission to use this letter if you so desire. I feel it a duty to inform people of your wonderful discovery.
Yours respectfully, MRS. CHARLES FRANK.

NOTICE—The (only) Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co. is incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois, with a cash capital of $50,000.00. President, Dr. A. Owen; Treasurer, C. M. Owen; Secretary, C. E. Meigs. The Main Offices, Head Salesrooms, and only Factory are at 193 State street, Chicago, Ill., where all letters should be addressed. We have no branch offices in Chicago or elsewhere, and in no way responsible for representations of agents or any other persons selling goods of our manufacture, or making contracts for advertising in our name. Customers purchasing from either of the above offices may rely on whatever representations are made.

Electricity is not Magnetism, hence do not confound this Electric Battery with the magnetic belts offered; there is no similarity or comparison in their results. Electricity cures, and will cure all diseases, while magnetism does not. Dr. A. Owen's Electric



HOME TALKS.

MAN VERSUS ANIMALS.

The Latter Have Their Rights—When it Respects Them Humanity Will be on a Higher Plane.

TRAVELERS say that in forests which have not been visited to any extent by man, the animals do not run away from human beings but simply gaze at them in a wondering way, as if surprised at the presence of living creatures so different from any that they are accustomed to. It is not until they have learned to look upon man as an enemy because of the suffering produced by his cruelty that they exhibit hatred and anger in his presence. The fact is a severe commentary upon the boasted superiority of what is termed the highest and best work of the Creator. Either a great mistake has been made in thus classifying him, or he has wofully degenerated from the original pattern. It is pitiful to see how most animals cower and shrink, then flee away as fast as their means of locomotion will carry them when those they have learned to fear come upon them unexpectedly. When cornered they will not wait to see if perchance a friend approaches but put themselves in an attitude of self defence or fierce aggression immediately.

Not long ago I was standing upon the street corner waiting for a street car when I heard a most distressed "miew" proceeding, I knew, from a kitten. Looking around I, at last, discovered a pretty little feline just large enough to be very cunning, peering out from under the sidewalk that hid it entirely from view except from the opposite side of the street, as I was. Its little face was the picture of fear and perplexity. Never did a human countenance show plainer consciousness of peril or a keener questioning of sympathy than did that kitten's as it looked at me and again uttered its mournful cry. I called to it and it started towards me and came some paces, when it suddenly caught sight of some boys who were playing upon the sidewalk a little beyond. They were little fellows, but Kittie evidently saw dreaded enemies for she started back and crouched under the stone as if in mortal terror. I could not again, so long as I stood there, coax the poor little thing forth from its retreat. No doubt the youngsters had chased and frightened the animal until it had lost all faith in the good intentions of anything wearing the guise of small humanity.

It may seem an absurdity to some of you who read this, but I could not drive the thought of that little trembling creature out of my mind. It was nothing but a kitten, I knew, one out of thousands, but its agonized fear of human beings seemed such a commentary upon the high and refined civilization that we boast of, yet a civilization that allows, if it does not teach, cruelty to the helpless.

It is true, though we do not like to acknowledge it, that we show as much ferocity in the treatment of animals and in sects as any beasts of prey that live. They war upon what is weaker than themselves, and when you stop to think of it that is precisely what we do. We kill animals in the most wanton way when there is not the slightest necessity for doing so. We kill often without provocation. Nor do we choose the most merciful means for putting them out of existence, but we crush and mangle and burn as if they had no power to suffer. There are hundreds of little inoffensive creatures who are not in our way in the least, but which we ruthlessly destroy because we are the stronger.

Of course we do not think of ourselves in that unpleasant light, even though we know that they are God's creatures. We feel that by virtue of our superiority we have a right to crush out everything that is not necessary to our comfort in some way. And so we go on and commit murder as ruthlessly as the wild beast destroys what comes in his way.

Little children are taught almost as soon as they begin to observe anything that animals have no rights that they are bound to respect. The only thing to be thought of is their own immunity from pain. I have often seen pet cats and dogs pulled and hauled and mauled, cowering away from their tormentors from whom there was no escape, while grown men and women sat by unheeding or else making a feeble remonstrance that had more of admiration of their childrens' spirit so-called, than a reproof, and the youngsters knew it. It is their first lesson of disregard of the rights of the weak—a lesson, alas, which is easily learned and becomes too often the governing power of life. It is only a step to a disregard of the rights of the human beings who happen to interfere with their desires or their comfort. The boy who will pull off the wings of an insect is showing the promptings of the same spirit that leads a savage to dash the head of an innocent baby against the wall—a thing at which we shrink and shiver with horror. Remember, I say it shows a touch of the same spirit. Not that the deed is so horrible, but one is simply the extreme outcome, and the other the mean, but the latter is no more civilized only we have not been taught to so regard it.

As the world grows better, all creatures lower in the scale than man will be treated with equal consideration, that is, so far as their right to their own being is concerned. Then humanity will indeed be on a higher plane. Not that I would convey the idea that I think the brute is on the level with human beings when it is a question of the well-being of the latter as compared with the former. When it comes to that, of course man as the higher, the more intelligent creature, and therefore the more useful, takes precedence.

What I am trying to get at is this: Every living thing is a part of the infinite's scheme of creation and has its place and its rights which we have no right to wrest violently and needlessly away. Our duty is to allow them to make the most of what has been given to them. And this should be taught to children from the moment that they begin to understand anything, and that is as soon as they perceive the difference between pain and a sensation of pleasure.

It is a pity that every boy and girl could not be made members of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and become interested in its work. They would be better men and women for such experience. And the people who are devoting themselves to forwarding such purposes are laboring for the advancement of humanity. The name of Geo. T. Angell should stand side by side upon the roll of those whom the world delights to honor, with the greatest philanthropists of the day. The author of that wonderful book, "Black Beauty," has won an unfading crown of glory. And that recalls the fact that the story is being published as a serial in an Arabic monthly paper issued in Syria, and is also to appear in book form in the same language.

The substance of the matter is this: The vital principle of life is constantly changing the form that, for the time being, it is using as an instrument through which to pass to further development, but we have no right by ruthless, cruel and unnecessary violence to hasten, by one hour, that change in plant or animal any more than we have in man. If that seems an extreme view, stop and think of the question, and decide whence that right comes, if we do possess it. You will find it hard to answer.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

To the Household.

The long winter evenings are approaching rapidly when so much can be done either of work or study after other duties are over. Now is a good time for the members of the HOUSEHOLD to help each other by suggestions in various directions. To facilitate the matter THE BLADE will offer a prize volume of some good author for the best letter upon "The Easiest Way to Keep House." The letters must be short, not over 300 words, written plainly with ink upon one side of the paper. They must also be received before December 20. Let housekeepers give whatever may seem to them best for simplifying home-keeping.

New Styles of Note Paper and Cards.

O those who expect to entertain this winter, it may be of interest to know that the styles of note paper and invitation cards are of an oblong shape and quite narrow. The invitations are written straight down, on paper and cards, instead of having the time or address in the corner of the page. When two or more ladies receive together the names are written one below the other, the name of the eldest lady leading. No initials are given unless there are several ladies of the same family name, merely—Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Brown, etc. If the entertainment for which the cards are sent, is to be of any especial nature, notice of this is given in the last line of the invitation, and if sent to a person who cannot engage in that especial pleasure for any reason, an immediate answer to that effect should be sent, in order that her place may be filled by the hostess.

There is a tendency in social circles to a departure from the card parties that have been so popular, and to substitute more intellectual pleasures. The increasing interest in study of various kinds among the younger people has given rise to very many literary clubs, and these can be made so interesting and absorbing that there is neither time nor desire for cards.

In Washington society this is especially so. The Ladies' Historical Society, of that city, has been in existence for five or six years, under the influence and direction of Mrs. Horatio King, where the ladies, all members of the best society, take up each year a country's history, including its literature. The ladies preside in turn at these weekly meetings, each lady selecting her assistants and informing them in due time of the subjects bearing on the date which falls upon "her day," on which she desires them to read papers.

There are also classes which meet to study the current literature of the day; and some of the finest musical talent in the city is found in the "Friday morning music class"—all of which goes to show that while the women of this century can enjoy to the fullest, the pleasures of society, they can also enjoy and appreciate the more lasting pleasure that is to be obtained from the cultivation of their minds.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

SILK WORK BAG.—Get three-quarters of a yard of silk seven-eighths of a yard wide, of any color that will harmonize with the room where it is to be used. Cut four circles of pasteboard 4 ins. in diameter. Cover these with the silk or plush, or velvet may be used instead. If the silk is used ⅝ will be left. Gather the edges closely, leaving the selvage for the open edges. Sew the ends to two of the circles, then put the other two circles upon the inside, making them cover the raw edges of the silk sewed to the others. At each end of the bag where the opening comes, sew bows of satin ribbon, with a long loop in each one to hang it up by.

DENIM TABLE COVERS.—Cut a square of denim for the center, using the light side up. Then cut four pieces more as a border, having it about 10 ins. wide. Miter the corners neatly. Embroider some bold conventional pattern in yellow upon the border, sew it with fancy stitches to the center. A handsome monogram may be put on the latter. Trim the edge with yellow tassels or ball fringe.

CUSHION FLOOR SEAT.—Get two large square cushions filled very full of feathers, though hair may be used if necessary. Make blue denim covers, the top being etched, or else figures cut out of the demin and couched upon it, putting the dark side of the figures out, and having the light side out for the top. Then fasten the two cushions together by means of rings sewed upon one side of each. When they are to be used one cushion forms the back and the other the seat.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; o 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl. slip; m, maize.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; c, ribbed crochet; o t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

A GERMAN EDGING.—Cast on 9 stitches. 1st row—3 plain—o—k 2 tog—(twist stitch)—o, twice—n—o twice—3 plain. 2d row—8 plain—1 p—2 plain—1 p—2 plain—o—k 2 tog—(twist stich)—1 plain. 3d row—3 plain—o—k 2 tog—(twist stitch) —7 plain.—4th row—Cast off 3—5 plain—o—k 2 tog—(twist stitch)—k 1—(twist stitch). Repeat from the beginning.

CROCHET INSERTION.—Make 10 ch for foundation. 1st row—3 tc in 4th ch of foundation—2 ch—3 tc in same place—4 ch—1 dc in 4th ch—from the one used last—1 ch—3 tc in the end of ch—2 ch—3 tc in same place. 2d row—2 ch—3 tc under 2 ch—ch 2—3 tc in same place—4 ch—1 dc in 4th of 4 ch—1 ch—3 tc under 2 ch—3 tc in same place. All the succeeding rows are like the second.

Correspondence.

AN OLD FRIEND SENDS A GREETING TO THE HOUSEHOLD—

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year."

I find myself repeating those sad, sweet lines of Bryant's as I sit and gaze out at the falling rain, in my far off Western home. Sisters of the Household, what a wonderous change has happened to me since last I appeared in your happy circle. Then I was in my own pleasant home in a quiet little village in a green sunlit valley of arcadian Kansas, now I am in the great metropolis of the northwest, Portland, Oregon. I am beginning to like my new home, though at first I was very homesick; everything is so different here, it takes one sometime to become accustomed to the change so they will feel at home. It has been raining here for several days, and I fear the rain season is on us; if so umbrellas, "gums, or galashes" (as the Orenians call them) and gossamers will be the predominating articles of toilet for some time to come. The people here don't seem to mind the rain at all; the ladies go calling and shopping, and the children play out just the same as if the sun was shining; they assure me I will be the same way when I get acclimated. Since coming here I have not been taking THE BLADE, but it has been sent to me. When the first number came to hand I felt as though a dear old friend had come to see me, and I just felt like hugging it. I turned to the HOUSEHOLD first thing, to see how many old friends were there, and how many new. Right here I want to thank the lady who sent the Log Cabin cake recipe. I tried it, and found it excellent.

I want to tell "Jennie" I am getting nearer to her ideal Western home than I was when I threatened to visit her, months ago, and I am not very far from Barbara, of Tillamook Bay. Maybe, some time next summer, I will run up to Tillamook and call on her and tell her how I used to enjoy reading her letters in the dear old BLADE.

Sisters, have you decided on a badge, to be used at the World's Fair to distinguish THE BLADE HOUSEHOLD from the rest of mankind? Remember, I have not been a reader of THE BLADE for several months until quite recently, so I want to be enlightened. Now, with an invitation to "our editor" to call on me when she comes West, I will close for fear I tire her patience.—LEANNA LEE.

Thanks for the kind invitation.—ED.

ONE VIEW OF CHRISTIANITY.—First, I believe that we should love God supremely, and that a desire to do just what He would have us to do should be the leading principle of our daily lives. If we lack wisdom we should ask of Him who giveth to all men liberally, and we should seek to be guided by His holy spirit in all that we do or say, for "The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord."

Second, we should remember the golden rule, to do by others as we would have them do by us. If we would like to have others criticise all of our movements, harshly judge our every act, and surmise that all of our motives are prompted by some evil design in our natures, or by the spirit of evil, then, perhaps, we would be quite safe in judging them accordingly.

If we wish gossips to watch us every moment when we are in their presence, for the sole purpose of getting something to berate us for the moment our backs are turned—in short, if we would like to have people injure us in every possible way—morally, socially and financially—then we can surely find an excuse for injuring them.

If we would be Christians, we must be moral in all of our ways, and honest in all of our dealings.

We must not bind up a bundle of doubtful creeds and then think that our brothers or sisters must accept them or be lost. When we see a fault in a brother or sister we should not make it the subject of idle gossip, but go to them as the Bible tells us to do, Matthew 18: 15-17, remembering that while man looks upon the outward appearance God judges them by the motive of the heart that prompts the act; and that it is His business, and not ours, to punish or reward them.

We should have that charity that suffereth long and is kind; that is not easily provoked and that thinketh no evil. In fact, there is but little, if any, danger of our becoming any too good, or pure in this world, but it seems to me that there is great danger of our trying to sit upon the judgment seat and seeking to monopolize the work that belongs only to God.

Let us remember that with the same judgment that we judge, we shall be judged, and the same measure that we mete out to others shall be measured to us again.

MAY God bless all the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD abundantly.—MRS. M. B. LOWE.

Correspondence Clippings.

With many thanks for the good words we Householdites receive, the help onward a culture of minds, and asking, with one other correspondent, for a discussion of some book by the sister helpers, I remain one of the helped.—E. P.

I fully agree with Miss Bouton's idea of "All around people." How smooth the world would run, no sharp elbows pushing this way and that, less sorrow, fewer tears, more happiness and harmony for all. I, for one, am trying to be one of that kind. I agree with Hermione, that when we are happy and joyous, we cannot help reflecting it to others. There is a happiness that is not emotional or seen, but is always felt by those we come in contact with, and to my idea it is the only real and lasting way of doing good. I might get down on my knees and make a long prayer, but the effect would all be lost—my prayer is my life—and unless I live a prayer, it will amount to nothing.

To Mrs. H. A. Hords:—I will be one to promise not to wear birds on my hats; but I don't think a plume is wrong, for the ostriches lose theirs as a hen does its feathers. Still, I have no plumes now, but think its all right; but the little innocent birds must to be let alone.—M. A. F.

I move that a vote of the thanks be tendered Jean Hunt for the very valuable assistance she has given us of the HOUSEHOLD in her letters. For one, I feel that she has saved me a great deal of worry and considerable money by her plain directions for making over and using old materials, and I am duly thankful to her. —MRS. C. E. J.

As this is "Americus" year why would it not be proper for the HOUSEHOLD students to study American history? And perhaps some one would occasionally favor us with a short article on something especially interesting about the social part of the history of our country. If the editor could give us each week two or three topics for our study, it would give us a chance to feel that we are all doing the same work, and encourage us to make an effort to do the best we could.—SUGGESTION.

Inquiries.

Will some one send directions for making hair chains?—A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one send instructions how to draw in and weave what is called block-work in rag carpet?—A CARPET WEAVER.

Will some one give directions for coloring frosting a bright pink?—COOK.

Will some one tell me what to give to my gentleman friend, in the shape of a Christmas present? Something that I might make myself? Any advice pertaining to a present would be acceptable. —ALISSA.

If a child hears swearing constantly, at home, ought the child to be punished for doing the same thing? It has bothered me often and I want to hear the opinion of others. I punish, for I do not desire my child to learn in youth. It seems if I can keep them from it, the habit will not be formed. It makes me feel so sad to hear any one swear, and especially the little ones when learning to talk.—ONE WHO LOVES THE LITTLE ONES.

Will some one tell me how to make a star, to put on black velvet, for neckwear, using muskmelon seeds and steel beads to make it of? Would also like crochet pattern for head shawl, a pretty one. Will you republish the piece of poetry entitled "The Woman of the Future," or how can I get it? Will some one send a pretty pattern for hood for baby a year old, to be crocheted out of knitting silk?—ANXIOUS.

We have not the poem you refer to.—ED.

I want to dye a cream serge dress, either a brown or a crimson with diamond dye. Can any one tell me whether I can dye the waist with the silesia lining in it, or will I have to take the lining out? The rest of the dress is all in pieces ready.—MARGARET.

A little girl wants to know what to give her school teacher for a Christmas present, and how to make it.—ONE OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS.

In moving from one part of the town to another some of my furniture was dented in spots, so that it looks very badly. Is there any way to remedy this? —MRS. J. T. S.

Will some send recipe for a good pudding? Not bread or rice.—ELLEN.

Answers to Inquiries.

MRS. C. M. HANEY:—A full description of how to dress a bed was given in a recent number of THE HOUSEHOLD. A bolster should be made as long as the width of the bed, and the ends sewed so as to keep the shape round. It can be filled with feathers, hair or cotton, as you please, and can either have slips of linen, hem stitched, to draw on over it, or you can use for it, and also for your pillows, a scarf of linen trimmed as elaborately as you please, long enough to cover it.—ED.

Eldas Lityer:—We are not at present buying any stories for publication, as we have on hand all that we need.—ED.

MRS. Andrews:—You can obtain the transfer paper, which is probably what you wish, at any stationers, or art furnishing store. We have no catalogue, but you can obtain all information you desire by writing to *Vouga's Art Folio*, 205 Broadway, New York City.—ED.

Mrs. Sue Commack:—We have no doubt that your plan would be very beneficial to such persons as would like to learn the business you speak of, but it would hardly be allowable for us to publish the notice you send, in the HOUSEHOLD.—ED.

Della Jones:—We have no badges of any kind for sale.—Ed.

SUZAN:—Regarding the Daughters of Rebekah, the motto of the order is Friendship, Love and Truth. The first principle is "care for others." The order teaches that no one has a right to live simply for herself. Selfishness, the great sin of humanity, should be avoided, and benevolence, the great principle of our fraternity, should be practiced. The mission of our order is to do good. We visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead and educate the orphan. If you are eligible to membership, I don't think you will ever have cause to regret it if you join the order.—E. J. C.

"Cleopatra":—I, too, often think I ought to make more effort to attend church, but it is very hard to when far away, or one's better half pleads he is tired and wants rest. I will tell my plan. I take THE BLADE and read Talmage's sermons, the Sabbath school lesson, read the Bible and pray in my own room, thanking God for the knowlege that He can hear me at home as well as in church, but I think one ought to go if possible.—E. A. GALE.

Menu—Supper for a "Few Friends" Social.
Creamed Oysters,
Fried Chicken, Dinner Rolls, Mushroom Sauce
Shrimp Salad,
Preserves, Cake or Wafers,
Coffee.

Recipes.

CREAMED OYSTERS.—Put 25 oysters in a double boiler until they curl. Drain them, and save 1 gill of the liquor. Mix 2 level tablespoonfuls of flour with 2 ozs. melted butter, add 1 gill of cream and 1 gill of oyster liquor; stir constantly until it boils, add ½ teaspoonful of salt, a dash of white pepper and the oysters. If desired whiter, use all cream, omitting the oyster liquor.

DINNER ROLLS.—Scald 1 pt. milk and add while hot 2 oz. of butter. When lukewarm add 1 qt. sifted flour; 1 teaspoonful salt; 1 teaspoonful sugar and 1 compressed yeast cake dissolved in ½ cupful of warm water, or ½ cupful good yeast. Mix well and stand in a warm place until light. Add the white of 1 egg, beaten to a stiff froth, and sufficient flour to make a stiff dough. Knead till well mixed, then pound with a rolling pin until soft and velvety. Return to the pan to rise again. When very light take a small piece of the dough, roll it into strips about 6 in. long and a little thicker than a large lead pencil. Place them on greased pans, wash light brush over with a little white of egg and water mixed, and bake 10 minutes in a quick oven. If preferred they can be made the same size and shape as ordinary rolls.

FRIED CHICKEN.—Prepare a young chicken and put on to cook in boiling water. Cook slowly until tender. Take from the water and set it away till cold. Then cut it in pieces, dip each piece in egg, then in bread crumbs, fry in smoking hot lard. Serve with sauce poured over it.

SNOW PUDDING.—2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch; pour on 1 pint of boiling water, stir in the beaten whites of 2 eggs. Steam 15 minutes.

SAUCE.—Yolks of 2 eggs; 1 cupful sugar; 1½ cupfuls milk. Stir together, heat until it thickens (don't boil); any flavoring you choose.—NEW SUBSCRIBER.

BAKING POWDER.—Six ozs. tartaric acid; 8 ozs. best soda; 1 pt. flour. Sift through fine sieve six times to thoroughly mix ingredients.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—One cupful sugar; 1 cupful sweet milk; 1 pt. flour; 2 tablespoonfuls melted butter; 1 teaspoonful soda; 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar (or 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder); 1 egg. Eat with sauce.—EMMA STANTON.

LEMON PIE.—1 Lemon grated, 1 cupful sugar, yolks of 2 eggs, small piece butter, 1 tablespoonful milk, 1 teaspoonful corn starch or flur. Beat all together and bake in a rich crust. Beat the whites of the eggs with 3 tablespoonfuls sugar and spread on top.—KANSAS.

ARTICHOKE SOUP.—Make like parsnip soup. Scrape clean, slice in cool water, cook 20 minutes, drain off the water, add cream and milk, salt, pepper and butter. Serve at once. They can be dug and kept in the celler by putting a little dirt on them. They are nice in the winter for dinner.—MRS. E. A. GALE.

A GOOD PICKLE FOR BEEF.—2 lbs brown sugar, 2 qts molasses, 1 oz saltpetre, 1 pk salt to every 100 lbs of meat.—E. A. G.

Does Protection Protect?

Certainly, in one instance, it does. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great protection against the dangerous impurities in the blood, and it will cure or prevent all diseases of this class. It has well won its name of the best blood purifier by its many remarkable cures.

The highest praise has been won by Hood's Pills for their easy yet efficient action. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents per box.

For Cleaning Laces.

Here is a recipe for cleaning delicate laces, which an old lacemaker who has woven many a gossamer web for the great connoisseur and lover of laces, Mme Mora Seska, gave to her pupil and patron: Spread the lace out on paper, cover with calcined magnesia, place another paper over it, and put it away between the leaves of a book for two or three days. Then all it needs is a skilful shake to scatter the powder, and its delicate threads are as fresh and clean as when first woven.

—A faded and discolored beard is untidy and a misfortune. It may be prevented by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers, a never failing remedy.

BLANCHE, LADY FALAISE

A NEW NOVEL BY MR. SHORTHOUSE.

The Plot is Peculiar, But Developed With Skill—The Last Issue of the White Cross Library.

MR. J. H. SHORTHOUSE won the good will of his readers by his novel "John Inglesant," to an extent that rendered the welcome any future work would receive always a certainty. There is a subtle under-current of spiritual thought in what he writes, which, without in any way interfering with the development of the plot into a story pure and simple, yet touches the reader in proportion as he is ready to absorb his meaning.

In his latest romance "Blanche, Lady Falaise," there is, perhaps, more of this than usual, and it is of a darker character for it shows how pitiless is sin in its exaction of its payment in full, "and this," says the author, "is the lesson, if there be any, taught us by my story."

In the beginning he also refers to the throes which the world is undergoing at the present time. The old world, he says, with its form and guise, is rapidly passing away. "A struggle for existence, for daily bread, such as the world has never seen, is closeupon us, and before this struggle, palaces and parks, statues and pictures, perchance will be consumed, as they have been consumed before, in a *lex ignea*, a fiery law, but the eternal will survive; nay, it even seems to me that the very variableness and inconstancy of that which appears, are the means by which we see what the invariable and constant are."

But to the story. The heroine is, of course, Blanche, Lady Falaise. She was the daughter of Rev. Doctor Boteraux, an Oxford Don, who lived entirely in Oxford until he was past fifty. When past forty he surprised his friends by returning from the continent engaged to a lady whom he had met in Switzerland. She was returning from India, where she had been devoting herself to Zenana work. She lived a few years after her marriage, dying and leaving behind her a little girl, the Blanche of our story. After her death, Dr. Botereaux accepted a college living in the north of Devon, at Clyston St. Fay.

BLANCHE, however, did not remain here but was sent to school at some cathedral town and spent her vacations in traveling with friends on the continent. Not until she had, as the world terms it, finished her education, did she join her father at Clyston St. Fay, and then the villagers were startled one Sunday morning by the appearance "in the high narrow box, lined with green baize, beneath the pulpit, which was known as the Rector's pew, of a young girl dressed in white, with a black hat with ostrich feathers, and of striking and distinguished beauty."

The young lady did not speedily make her way with her father's people, and this was the reason:

Inheriting from her mother a passionate, sacrificial spirit, and from her father a beauty of form and a certain sympathy with aristocratic instincts, of which last tendency she was probably unconscious, though it made her walk more difficult through the world's low places, and having, in her school-days, and especially during her residence in Neufchatel, imbibed the boldest aspirations of Christian socialism, the petty social and local incidents of village life, and the formal maxims of an antique theology, appeared to her infinitely poor and mean. She failed to grasp the fact, if there be such an one, that unites the daily action, the little paltry deed, with the vast result of perfect redemption and salvation of the race. She might be thought of as perpetually waiting for the injunction of the prophet to do some great thing, consequently she did nothing, and, doing nothing, and uprooted from familiar and congenial soil, she was unhappy.

So the time passed away with this oung girl, who found it so hard to reconcile an ideal with the tedious surroundings of every day life. Perhaps had she had a mother she might have grown wiser. As it was, she passed her time in a dreamy sort of way, reading "Amiel's Journal," and thinking of what she would like to do to help the people who have such terrible parts of life. She longed "to become a sister devoted to work in the most terrible of the London slums, to bathe her hands, as it were, in human misery, and taste the reek of its sin like that cried Hermione."

George, Lord Falaise, was sent to Mr. Botereaux to be under his care, by the duke of Chester and St. Clair, an old college friend who had been left guardian to the youth. He was wonderfully beautiful in person and, as nearly as we can gather, more than ordinarily lovable in character, but an aristocrat to his finger tips. The Reverend Paul Damerle was a great London preacher, yet a young man, who was also a great missionary among the poor and a worker among the rich. He was invited to come to Clyston St. Fay to preach and afterward to spend a few days at the rectory. His coming made a great change in the life of Blanche, who was aroused to enthusiasm by the thought of all that he was doing for others.

George Falaise was some ten years younger than Paul Damerle. The comparison between the two young men drawn upon the night after the latter's arrival at the rectory, was as follows:

He, George Falaise, etc., was not quite so tall as the other, and he was some ten years younger, but the gifts of heredity and rank more than compensated for those disadvantages, if such they might be called. But the striking thing, as Blanche thinks, amidst contrast between the two men lay in the expression of the face. In the set curves of George Falaise's small delicately-cut mouth, and in the look of his singularly beautiful eyes, there was a certain steadfastness which was wanting in that other. It is true that the lower part of Paul Damerle's face conveyed the impression of great strength, but it was the strength of obstinacy more than of steadfastness; while his eyes, which were dark and very fine, had a far-off look of intensity which made them almost expressionless. In a word, it might be said of the two men, that while Damerle gave the impression of vast and unknown possibilities in the moral universe, with an equally undefinable future, you felt of George Falaise that, with fewer or perhaps no possibilities, you could safely divine what, within the limits of his nature, he would most certainly do. About the determined lines of Damerle's face there was a lurking tendency to exasperation, to combativeness, which was perfectly absent from the assured serenity of George Falaise's look and manner.

THE end of it was that Blanche fell intensely in love with Paul Damerle and they became engaged, much to the sorrow of George Falaise who had also asked her to marry him when he should be through college. Aside from his disappointment, however, he did not like Damerle. There was a something in the man that repelled him, and he could not wish him well in his wooing of the girl he himself loved so dearly.

As for Blanche, there was always with her a strange feeling as if her life was in some way inextricably interwoven with that of George Falaise, as indeed it proved to be, but this thought, this feeling she continually strove against. Paul Damerle answered her wildest expectations. His proposal came as one which fulfilled all the aspirations of her young life —the conception of the most desirable, the most perfect future she had ever formed. As for him, when her he felt a strange necessity laid upon him to look well into his secret heart, and to make quite sure what his most motives and intentions were.

What she sought, what she loved, was not so much the man as the man's faith —his innermost life, his very being, his soul itself."

The breaking of this engagement and the sad train of events that followed, her subsequent marriage to George, Lord Falaise, with a strange working out of a spiritual experience that was the result of seed sown in "willfulness and self-love"—these are all detailed with an exquisite delicacy of touch that is full of fascination. One of the charms of Mr. Shorthouse's writing is his perception of the finer issues of life, which he never fails to bring out, as he has so perfectly done in this story.

This author also uses a wealth of beautiful language in description that flashes the most vivid pictures before the mind's eye of whatever he wishes the reader to see.

"Blanche, Lady Falaise" is published by Macmillan & Co., New York City.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

Mottor: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

IOWA CITY, IOWA.

Lucy Wilson,	Harry Mitchell,
Walter Houseworth,	Grace Kettlewell,
Mary Ballard,	Inva Mohler,
Grace Anderson,	Luella Danner,
Maude Poland,	Belle Emmonds,
Susie Emmonds,	Winnie Seutman,
Elmer Bartholomew,	Willie Curry,
Chester O. Pratt,	Ray W. Dicus,
Laura Anderson,	Ernest H. Ross,
Lulu Swisher,	Glenn Lumbard,
Mary Danner,	Carl Farlow,
Mary Rhoadarmer,	Charlie Burge,
Lillie Pinger,	Roy Champion,
Blanche Stratton,	Walter Ball,
Emma Bartholomew,	Charlie Pgge,
Nettie Patterson,	Johnnie Vaughan,
Belle Bruce,	Gertrude Fadest,
Mildred Hershire,	Maria Ballard,
Maude Allin,	Martin Roefort,
Sammy Stover,	Wesley Emmons,
Henry W. Ball,	Charles Anthony,
Irwin Kettlowell,	Liola Farlow,
Earl Williams,	Carrie Fletcher,
Laura Griffith,	Vinnie Robinson,
Edna Hevern,	Nannie Carroll,
Nellie Black,	Mattie Pratt,
Ida Tucker,	Zolla Vail,
May Berte,	Earl Rogers,
Lillie Tucker,	Ruth Pratt,
Grace Gardner,	Mamie Sporleder,
Sadie Morgan,	Earl Gausch,
Gertie Smith,	Edna Poland,
Rosy Lucas,	Hattie Black,
Clara Wood,	Edith Sterling,
Grace Allin,	Eva Black,
Frankie Stratton,	Gertrude Preston.
Mae Emmons,	Jessie Mahana,
Teddie Mahana,	Pearl Hull,
Belle M. Ross,	Estie Swisher,
Robbie Corlett,	Mabel Swisher,
Wilson Koontz,	Hettie Fairall,
Alonzo Swisher,	Floyd Lumbard,
Ralph Pratt,	Earle Holson,
Ralph Dunlap,	Myrtle Tomo,
H. S. Lewis,	Jessie Lachlan,
F. R. Hatch,	George Huebner,
Sam Whiting,	Bert Mahana,
W. L. Morgan,	Bert Humphrey.

Names this week, 66. Total, 81,564.
The above embraces all names received up to November 16.

The Baby's Side of the Story.

Swimming in the bathtub,
Oh yes, it's lots of fun,
And I'm the jolliest baby
That's living under the sun.

The children come visiting
And make a dreadful din;
"Just see his funny little nose:
This dimple in his chin."

Off come my dainty little boots,
The pink-tipp'd toes to see,
And when I twist them in and out,
They laugh and shout with glee.

They roll me up in a blanket
And toss me like a ball;

I sometimes think I had rather
They would not come at all.

And if I scowl and crook my face
They think it only fun!
Then hug and kiss me all the more;
I'd like to make them run.

I'm often cross, and naughty too;
But then, who would not be?
This world has a lot of troubles
For a little boy like me.

Then mother folds me in her arms,
And sings her sweetest lay:
So that's the very happiest time
Of all the livelong day.

If I am the jolliest baby
Amid this shade and shine,
My mother is the dearest mother,
If only 'cause she is mine.

—[Annie Douglas Bell.

USE AND ABUSE.

BY SIDNEY.

"Hi, there!" cried Rudolphus. "There's a toad."

And he raised his arm in the air.

"Don't do that!" cried out Uncle John from the porch, where he was sitting reading a book.

"Why not?" he asked, still posing the stone in the air.

"If it comes to that," said Uncle John, laying down the book and coming out on the steps; "why do you want to stone the toad?"

"Because it's a beast," replied Rudolphus. Uncle John laughed.

"It really isn't a beast, in the strict sense of the term," he said, "but I think I know what you mean. You regard it as an animal so much inferior to you that you have a right to stone it—or kill it, if you feel like it."

"Yes," admitted Rudolphus, "I do."

The toad had disappeared and he threw the stone down on the walk.

"Where did you get the right to kill inferior creatures?" asked Uncle John. "A pig, a dog, even a cow, is inferior, would you kill either of them wantonly?"

"I don't suppose I would," said Rudolphus, thoughtfully. Then, brightening up: "But a cow, a pig or a dog is useful, and a toad isn't."

"Wrong again," replied Uncle John. "A toad is the best friend an agriculturist has. It destroys flies and other insects at the rate of a hundred a day, and it saves many a crop. But even if it were useless, what reason would that be for killing it? Of what use is a canary bird or a rose? Do you wring the necks of all canaries, or tear roses to pieces wherever you meet them?"

"No," said Rudolphus, slowly. "Still, human beings are more account than anything else. I have always heard that man had dominion over all other created things."

"So he has—to use, but not to abuse. Man is the autocrat of nature, and his power is so vast that he could make the entire world a wilderness, if it be so desired. Do you think that would be desirable?"

"Certainly not," answered Rudolphus, promptly.

"Yet the world would be a desert, if men would kill or destroy everything inferior, simply because it was inferior."

"Then why do men kill things?" asked Rudolphus.

"Primarily for food, and, secondly, for protection. It is the duty of mankind to kill savage animals, the same as it is to destroy noxious weeds and insects. Sometimes it becomes necessary to exterminate animals which are usually harmless, but become hurtful from mere numbers. The rabbit pest in Australia is one instance, and many cases have occurred where cats and dogs, which are usually welcomed as companions by mankind, have increased so rapidly that it was absolutely necessary to destroy them by wholesale. But all destruction, whether it be of bird, beast, reptile, insect or plant, should be from necessity, otherwise it is wanton cruelty. The man who destroys a tree out of pure carelessness or mischief commits a sin against nature and his fellow men. When God gave man dominion over every created thing, He meant that the power should be used only as a wise king rules his subjects—sensibly and kindly. Everything has its place and use in the universe, and wanton destruction is sure to be visited with punishment. The reckless destruction of forests has had the result of changing the climate in several parts of our own country, and that is only one instance out of many."

"I never thought much about such things," said Rudolphus, apologetically.

"I suppose not," said Uncle John, "and you are in the large majority. Nearly all men act as if they thought the earth was given to them to use or abuse without being accountable to anybody. Such men have exterminated the buffalo and are quickly exterminating all other game. Only yesterday I read about a man who shot 540 ducks in one day's hunt, and seemed to think he deserved great credit for the feat. One duck was all he needed for himself; the rest he killed 'for fun.' In the same reckless manner, fishermen use nets with a very small mesh and catch millions of fish for which they have no use and which are left to die on the land. In many cases, this wanton waste has resulted in making barren streams where fish formerly swarmed. To such an extent has this waste been carried that now it is necessary for the government to stock the streams and pass stringent laws to protect the small fry."

"Well," said Rudolphus, drawing a long breath, as Uncle John ceased, "I have learned something."

"Of value, I hope," said his uncle. "Get your natural history and find out something about toads, and you will know more."

Then Uncle John went back to his book and Rudolphus ran off to play.—[Woman's Illustrated World.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

What a Little Girl Saw and Heard.

"There's the home of the Man in the Moon," said the guide.

As they came near, she saw in front of a large hole in the side of the mountain, shaped like a door, an enormous man. Elfie thought he must be at least fifty feet high. He was dressed in a long, brown coat, which reached to his knees; on his legs were long blue stockings, and purple trunks; his shoes were ornamented with buckles, his cap was blue and cut to a point in front, while a long amber-colored feather which floated up from it showed that he was a little bit vain of his personal appearance. His head was very, very large, forming at least one-third of his whole height. The face was round and full and very jolly-looking, a slight droop to the left eyelid giving his eyes such

News of the Week.

☞ THE BLADE is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

WASHINGTON.

INTERNAL REVENUE.

Receipts of the Department for the Past Year—Increase in the Amount Paid in Taxes on Tobacco.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—The annual report of John W. Mason, commissioner of internal revenue, which has just been submitted to the secretary of the Treasury, contains a mass of interesting information in regard to the operations of that service.

The total receipts for the last fiscal year from all sources were $146,035,416; an increase of $8,440,719 over the receipts for the previous fiscal year. The cost of collection for the past fiscal year was $4,210,604, or 2.88 per cent of the receipts, against 2.89 last year. The estimated expenses for the next fiscal year are $4,522,880.

During the year 693 stills were destroyed and 97 were removed, involving the arrest of 878 persons.

The aggregate amount of taxes collected from tobacco during the last fiscal year was $32,796,270. The decrease is $1,102,720, due to the reduction of the tax on snuff, chewing and smoking tobacco, and to the repeal of the special taxes relating to tobacco.

The tax on cigars and cigarettes was not changed and the collections therefrom were increased $1,886,650 during the last fiscal year.

The increase of taxed tobacco and snuff over 1890 was 15,650,884 pounds; the increase of tobacco and snuff imported was 4,289 pounds, and the increase of tobacco and snuff imported and withdrawn for consumption was 165,701 pounds.

The increase during the fiscal year of 1891 of taxed cigars was 387,092,784, and the decrease of cigars exported was 40,-966, and of cigars imported and withdrawn for consumption was 29,740,729.

The increase of taxed cigarettes was 451,284,080, and of cigarettes was 35,-324,200.

The decrease of cigarettes imported was 504,875.

The commissioner says that in order to make the tariff law effective several amendments will be required, among which is one forfeiting illicit factories and also duly authorized factories where there is any serious violation of the law. It should also be a penal offense to remove stamps, to reuse stamps, or to have in possession stamps that have once been used.

The total number of grain, molasses and fruit distilleries registered and operated during the year is 4,049 and 3,819 respectively, a decrease of 2,381 in the number registered, and a decrease of 2,392 in the number operated.

The quantity of spirits (115,962,389 gallons) produced and deposited in distilleries and warehouses during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1891, is more than the production (109,275,928 gallons) of the year 1890 by 6,686,461 gallons. The difference is distributed among the different kinds as known to the trade as follows:

Increase in production—High wines, 451,498 gallons; rye whisky, 989,812; alcohol, 906,373; rum, 126,504; gin, 90,934; pure, neutral or cologne spirits, 1,333,-507; miscellaneous, 5,381,202; total increase, 9,229,830 gallons. Decrease in the production of bourbon whisky, 2,543,369 gallons; net increase, 6,686,461 gallons.

There was an increase of spirits withdrawn for scientific purposes and for the use of the United States of 958 gallons.

The quantity of spirits in distillery warehouses June 30, 1891, is the largest quantity so held at the close of any fiscal year. This stock on hand has grown from 61,000,000 in 1888, to 68,500,000 in 1889, to 80,700,000 in 1890, and finally to the above quantity, nearly 113,000,000 in 1891.

Oleomargarine.

Tables in regard to the production of oleomargarine show during the year ended June 30, 1891, an increase of production over any former year, but a decrease for exportation. The total production was 44,392,409. The increase in production over last year was 12,068,377 pounds; in receipts, $291,632.

Statistics show that great strides have been made in the production and consumption of oleomargarine in the Netherlands. Oleo oil to the value of $10,000,000 being imported from the United States during the calendar year of 1890, and an estimated total output of oleomargarine of 163,000,000 pounds being produced during the same period, of which nearly 128,000,000 pounds were exported to England, Belgium, France, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and the Dutch, English and Portuguese possessions.

Production of Sugar.

In a chapter on sugar, the commissioner details the action of the bureau in providing for the payment of the bounty as authorized by the tariff act. The number of sugar producers who have applied for license is 4,006, and their estimated production is 618,376,380 pounds, of which 372,408,380 pounds is cane sugar.

On this subject the commissioner says: "The above estimate of production was made by the producers early in the season, and is considerably in excess of what may be expected. The production in Louisiana last year, which was larger than usual, was 436,056,926 pounds as reported by applicants for license, and the prevalent opinion is that the coming crop will not be any larger. The production this year by licensed producers will probably not be in excess of the following estimate. Cane sugar, 405,000,000 pounds; beet sugar, 25,000,000; sorghum, 2,000,000; maple, 10,000,000; total estimated production, 502,000,000 pounds.

The amount of bounty to be paid for the production of the year ending June 30, 1892, will, it is estimated, be as follows: On cane sugar, $8,912,500; on beet sugar, $200,000; sorghum sugar, $400,000; maple sugar, $176,250—total, $9,628,750.

This country is a large consumer of sugar, the people using more per capita than those of any other country except England.

In the last fiscal year we imported 3,483,442,325 pounds of sugar of the value of $105,061,431, and produced 512,201,350 pounds. The amount of sugar produced in the United States is about one-eighth of the amount consumed.

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

Thursday, November 26, Named as a Day for General Thanksgiving.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—The President has issued the following Thanksgiving proclamation:

It is a very glad incident of the marvelous prosperity which has crowned the year now drawing to a close that its helpful and reassuring touch has been felt by all our people. It has been wide as our country, and so special that every home has felt its comforting influence. It is too great to be the work of man's power and too particular to be the device of his mind. To God, the Father, Son and the All-wise, who makes the labors of men to be fruitful, redeems their losses by His grace, and the measure of whose giving is much beyond the thoughts of man as it is beyond his deserts, the praise and gratitude of the people of this favored nation are justly due.

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States of America, do hereby appoint Thursday, the 26th day of November present, to be a day of joyful thanksgiving to God for the bounties of His providence, for the peace in which we are permitted to enjoy them, and for the preservation of those institutions of civil and religious liberty which He gave our fathers the wisdom to devise and establish, and us the courage to preserve. Among the appropriate observances of the day are rest from toil, worship in the public congregation, the renewal of family ties about our American firesides, and thoughtful helpfulness towards those who suffer lack of the body or of the spirit.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this 13th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, and of the independence of the United States the one hundredth and sixteenth.

(Seal.) BENJAMIN HARRISON.

By the President.

JAMES G. BLAINE, Secretary of State.

Pensions Granted.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—A statement has been prepared at the pension office showing that during the month of October 32,946 pensions of all classes were granted, the first payments on which aggregated $4,358,605, or $132.30 to each pensioner.

ALLCOCK'S
POROUS PLASTERS.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have attained a world-wide reputation solely upon their superlative merits. They have many would-be rivals, but have never been equaled or even approached in curative properties and rapidity and safety of action. Their value has been attested by the highest medical authorities, as well as by unimpeachable testimonials from those who have used them, and they are recommended as the best external remedy for Weak Back, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Chest and Stomach Affections, Kidney Difficulties, Weak Muscles, Strains, Stitches, and Aches and Pains of every description.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

BERING SEA QUESTION.

All Matters in Dispute Have Been Settled by an Agreement With Great Britain.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11.—The public was taken into the confidence of the diplomatic branch of the government yesterday afternoon in the continuation of the hearing begun Monday before the United States Supreme court of the case of the Canadian sealer W. P. Sayward, seized for illgal sealing in Bering sea, and the first announcement made that the prolonged diplomatic crisis pending between Secretary Blaine and Lord Salisbury had resulted in an agreement by which, with the consent of the Senate, the long pending dispute over the seal fisheries in Bering sea will be definitely settled.

Solicitor General Taft, who was addressing the court, made the intimation that correspondence between the two countries had reached the point of an agreement upon arbitration. Attorney-General Miller, who was present, not only substantated all that Mr. Taft said, but went further and announced that the government had effected an agreement. He said the matter had been settled between the two governments, subject to the ratification by the United States Senate. Further than that he would not say.

The inference drawn from the above is that President Harrison will submit to the Senate an agreement in the nature of a treaty between the United States and Great Britain by which the parties bind themselves to accept as final and conclusive the definition to be given by the arbitrators of the exact rights of the United States in Bering sea, as well as to pay any awards of damages suffered by the nation that is declared to have the true contention.

NOT YET SIGNED.

The Bering Sea Arbitration Treaty Hasn't Been Consummated by President Harrison.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—The closest inquiry fails to elicit any further information respecting the details of the agreement reached by the United States and Great Britain to submit the Bering sea case to arbitration, and, following a time-honored custom, the officials of the department of State who have knowledge of the negotiations decline to say anything in advance of the submission of the treaty to the senate for action.

It is learned, however, that the treaty has not yet received the signatures of the representatives of the United States and Great Britain, for, although all the points to be submitted to arbitration have been agreed upon, the method of arbitration is still a matter open to discussion. This must be arranged and included in the terms of the treaty.

Regarding the decision of the Supreme court in the Sayward case, it can be stated that the administration is waiting the outcome with equanimity. If the court denies the British contentions the result will be very gratifying, but if it should take the other course and find the seizure of the vessel to have been illegal, the administration has the satisfaction of pointing to the fact that it was in no wise responsible for the seizure of the Sayward, which was made by order of its predecessors.

The Hearing Still On.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—The legal contest begun by the counsel for Great Britain to have declared illegal the seizures of sealing vessels in Bering sea was continued in the United States Supreme court yesterday, when the case of the American schooner Sylvia Handy, seized in 1887, for seal poaching, was argued. The case is similar in nearly all its phases to the celebrated Sayward case, except that the vessel is an American and not a Canadian sealer.

DATE OF THE G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT.

The Executive Committee at Washington Fixes Upon September 20.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—At a meeting of the executive committee of the council of administration of the Grand Army of the Republic, which was held here yesterday afternoon, at which Gen. Palmer, the commander-in-chief, presided, September 20, 1892, was the date fixed upon for the next annual meeting, in Washington, of the grand encampment.

The report of the local committee on hotel and boarding house accommodations and rates was received and declared unanimously to be highly satisfactory.

In no case was the rate to be in excess of the regular rates prevailing at the respective houses. Lists of these hotels and boarding houses, with the capacity and rates of each, will be sent to every post in the country by the local committee as soon as they can be prepared.

The Executive committee consists of John Palmer, of New York, commander-in-Chief; Fred. Phisterer, of New York, adjutant-general; John Taylor, of Pennsylvania, quartermaster-general, and the following members of the Council of Administration: William McClelland, of Pemsylvania; H. C. Luther, of Rhode Island; R. F. Knapp, of New York; L. B. Raymond, of Iowa; W. M. Olin, of Massachusetts; Dr. A. J. Huntoon, of District of Columbia, and J. R. Miller, of Mississippi.

ARE ANXIOUS FOR RECIPROCITY.

The British West Indies Want to Negotiate a Treaty.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—Sir Nevill Lubback, who has been sent to Washington to negotiate a reciprocity treaty between the United States and the British West Indies, called on Secretary Blaine yesterday. Sir Nevill and John W. Foster, repressenting the State departments, had a conference in the afternoon on the subject of reciprocity. Sir Nevill represents British Guiana and all the islands in the British West Indies, except Barbadoes and Jamaica. Within a week or two commissioners will reach here from the islands named and then the representatives will hold a formal conference with the State departments, although in the meantime the preliminaries will be arranged.

BARON FAVA MAY BE RETURNED.

The Italian Government has Seen that It Made a Mistake.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—The information is given on what is claimed to be high diplomatic authority, that the Italian government is very hopeful that Congress will vote a small indemnity to the families of the alleged Italians who were killed in New Orleans, and, even if the indemnity is not made, that Italy will establish the entente cordiale severed by the recall of Minister Fava from Washington. In this event, it is said to be probable that Baron Fava will again be placed in control of the Italian legation here. Baron Fava, however, has recently been made an ambassador, and Italy has never sent a diplomatist of that high rank to Washington.

ALLEGED JOURNALISM.

London Papers are Attempting to Foster Animosity Between Chile and the United States.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—Much indignation is expressed at the State and Navy departments at the conduct of certain English newspapers in ascribing foolish sentiments and remarks to Minister Egan and Captain Schley in connection with the pending questions between the Chilean and United States governments. No one here believes that Capt. Schley ever said that war was inevitable, and the opinion is held in the departments, that the English papers in question are engaged in an effort to foment the growth of a feeling of animosity by the Chileans against the people of the United States which, while it may not manifest itself in war-like demonstrations, would be likely to prejudice the trade relations between the two countries to the great benefit of English commerce. As a matter of fact, the last communication received from Captain Schley by the Navy department indicates peaceful relations between his sailors and the people of Valparaiso.

In the case of Brazil, no word has been received from Minister Conger tending to confirm the story of the revolt of three of the principal Brazilian provinces, which is also reported from English sources. There is a disposition here also to attribute to the English papers a desire to embarrass the Brazilian authorities who were responsible for the negotiation of the reciprocity agreement with the United States, inasmuch as this arrangement, in the short time it has been in operation, has sensibly extended the commerce between Brazil and the United States.

BROWN'S DENIAL.

The Admiral Did Not Furnish Any Inside Information to the Forces of Balmaceda.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—In view of the repeated statement that Admiral Brown or some of his officers, informed the Balmaceda government of the landing of the congressional forces at Quinteros last August, Secretary Tracy seized the opportunity afforded by the presence of the admiral with the San Francisco at Acapulco, Mex., a few days ago, and addressed the following telegram to him:

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.

To Admiral Brown, Steamer San Francisco, Acapulco, Mex.:

Did you invite any Chilean officer to accompany you on board the San Francisco to witness the landing of Chileans at Quinteros? Did you or any of the officers of your crew on return on that occasion to Valparaiso communicate information about what you saw to any person not connected with your vessel? TRACY.

Admiral Brown's response was as follows:

ACAPULCO, November 10.

To Secretary of the Navy, Washington:

Did not invite or take any Chileans. Invited foreign officers only. No one from the ship gave information. Full information about landing was known at Santiago and Valparaiso before I sailed at noon. BROWN.

In addition to the foregoing positive statements by Admiral Brown he distinctly states in his report to the department, dated August 31, that he was informed before they sailed from Valparaiso that the congressional forces had effected a landing.

Corn and Potato Crops.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11.—The statistical returns of the department of Agriculture for November makes the corn crop one of the largest in volume, with a rate of yield slightly above the average of 26 bushels per acre. The October condition of potatoes has only been equaled once since 1880, and the average yield according to these preliminary estimates has not been surpassed in the past ten years. It averages 93.9 bushels per acre.

Amount of Gold Returned.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—The director of the mint desires to correct the figures published in the abstract of his report as to the amount of the return movement of gold to the United States from July 1 to November 1. The amount was $22,-329,773. The mistake was made in the official copy furnished to the press.

Value of Beef and Hog Exports.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—The chief of the bureau of statistics reports that the total value of the exports of beef and hog products from the United States, during the month of October, 1891, was $8,266,945. The value of the dairy product was $643,917.

NOTES AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

The chief of the bureau of statistics reports that the total value of the exports of domestic breadstuffs during the month of October, 1891, was $24,463,834.

The receipts from customs at New York during the first ten days of November were $3,043,803, or $403,097 less than the receipts during the corresponding period last year.

The chief of the bureau of statistics reports that the total value of exports of domestic mineral oils, from the United States, during the month of October, 1891, was $3,840,101.

A statement has been prepared at the pension office showing that during the month of October 1891, 32,946 pensions of all classes were granted, the first payments on which aggregated $4,358,605 or $132.30 to each pensioner.

Postmaster General Wanamaker is not to be seen these days. He is most of the time locked in a room at his house engaged in writing his annual report. None of his predecessors has ever prepared such elaborate and business-like reports as Mr. Wanamaker.

The Director of the mint desires to correct the figures published in the abstract of his report as to the amount of the return movement of gold to the United States from July 1 to November 1, 1891. The amount returned was $22,329,773. The mistake was made in the official copy furnished to the press.

The Latin-American department of the World's Columbian exposition is informed that the government of the state of Bahia, Brazil, will ask for space at Chicago, independent of that space granted for the nations, exhibit of Brazil, wherein will be placed a collection of products peculiar alone to Bahia.

The bureau of American republics has received notice of a decree recently issued by the President of Mexico, removing many of the arbitrary restrictions at the custom house at the city of Mexico. The decree provides that foreign merchandise paying duty on entering the country at the frontier or maritime custom houses shall not be subject to further taxation beyond the 5 per cent consumption tax, calculated on the amount of the imported duties on being introduced into the general district.

NEWSY DISPATCHES CONDENSED.

Director General Davis, of the World's fair, is dangerously ill in Chicago.

Extensive frauds by Indian agents in South Dakota have been discovered.

Nevada has offered a big bonus for the construction of railroads through the state.

Joe Mulhatton, the prince of newspaper joke stories, has been arrested in Pittsburg for stealing money.

San Francisco has raised $50,000 as an inducement to offer for the holding of the next national Republican convention in that city.

FOREIGN NEWS.

CHILEAN AFFAIRS.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs Thinks Our Representatives Are Trying to Dictate to His Government.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—The *Herald's* correspondent at Santiago cables that he has had a talk with Senor Matta, the Chilean minister of foreign affairs, whose reply to the demand of the United States for satisfaction on account of the Baltimore outrage has created so much discussion, and this is what he says of it: Senor Matta prefaced his remarks by saying that he was reluctant to express any opinions on a subject of such grave import that was still under consideration. It was, he said, contrary to diplomatic usage. In the course of the conversation, however, I was given to understand that the Chilean minister was of the opinion that the United States representatives here seemed to think they could in every way dictate to Chile as to what she should do and should not do under various conditions. This stand on the part of the United States representatives, he added, was untenable.

As to the various stories, so industriously and persistently spread, that the present government of Chile was unfriendly to the United States administration or its people, nothing, he assured me, could be further from the truth. They were positive misstatements of the real facts. When every detail of the events that have transpired since the junta began its war against Balmaceda became known the people of both countries would be called upon to act as judges. The demand of Captain Schley, that an officer from the Baltimore be permitted to be present at the inquiry into the riot in Valparaiso was entirely against the legal procedure in Chile. Neither the president of a country nor its congress could order a judge of crimes to admit persons to a secret trial.

It was left to the discretion of the judge of crimes himself, when a witness under examination, to ask the intervention or presence of an *amicus curiæ*.

All these data relative to Chilean procedure had been transmitted to United States Minister Egan within the last few days. Senor Matta produced conviction that the Chilean authorities will, upon the completion of judicial inquiry into the attack upon the Baltimore's seamen, act speedily and fairly in arriving at a conclusion. It is, however, evident that the forcible protests of the United States in regard to the whole affair are not regarded in a pleasing light. Yesterday Minister Egan said that the political refugees in the United States legation have had all their correspondence examined by him. All letters sent or received by the refugess have passed through his hands for perusal. The same rule, he said, was observed by him while he was sheltering junta refugees from the wrath of Balmaceda.

THE SEAMEN WILL TESTIFY.

American Sailors to Go Before the Court of Inquiry.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—Judge of Crimes Foster, of Chile, who is conducting the secret inquiry into the assault upon the sailors of the Baltimore, has, according to advices from Valparaiso, agreed to so far comply with the conditions named by Captain Schley, under which American sailors are to be permitted to testify, as to agree to the services of an officer from the Baltimore at the investigation, provided that he can speak Spanish. Judge Foster made a request of Captain Schley, through Consul McCreery, that the American seamen who were victims of the assault be permitted to testify. Captain Schley replied that the injured men must first be entirely recovered in health, and that officers from the Baltimore must be allowed at the hearing while their men were giving evidence.

The New Congress.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—A dispatch from Santiago brings the intelligence that the Chilean Junta is prepared to surrender the executive authority it has exercised since Balcemeda's downfall, to the newly organized congress. On the meeting of Congress yesterday, the Junta addressed that body in a formal message.

The senate organized by electing Senor Waldo Silva as its president. The chamber of deputies elected as its presiding officer Senor Barros Luco. Senors Silva and Luca, together with Admiral Jorge Montt, the newly-selected president of the republic, were the men who constituted the famous Junta of the congressionalists.

Admiral Montt, who was nominated a few days ago by the Liberals, the dominant party in Chile, as its candidate for the presidency, and whole nomination is equivalent to election, has been empowered to assume all the duties of the chief executive of the republic until the meeting of the electoral college, which will take place shortly, when Admiral Montt will be formally elected president.

Receipts From the Nitrate Beds.

VALPARAISO, Nov. 13.—The receipts at the custom house at Iquique, one of the largest of the nitrate ports of Chile, during the month of October, amounted to $2,627,000. The greater portion of this amount was paid as export duties on the nitrate shipped from that port. Though the customs receipts at Iqique have always been heavy since the discovery of the valuable nitrate beds in that vicinity, the amount received during October is the largest ever known in the history of the port.

The New Dominion Cabinet.

MONTREAL, Can., Nov. 12.—It is learned that the reconstructed cabinet will be as follows: Premier and president of the council, J. J. C. Abbott; minister of finance, J. E. Foster; minister of public works, L. R. Angers; minister of justice, Sir John Thompson; minister of customs, J. J. Curran; minister of inland revenue, J. Costigan; postmaster general, J. Haggart (temporarily); minister of militia and defense, Sir Adolphe Caron (temporarily); minister of the interior, J. A. Chaplain; minister of railways, Mackenzie Bowell; solicitor-general, W. Meredith; minister of agriculture, J. Carling; secretary of state, J. A. Ouimet.

ONE ENJOYS

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DA FONSECA'S LATEST COUP D'ETAT

He Orders the Suspension of All Papers Not Supporting Him.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—Some Brazilian news appears to be getting across the Andes to Santiago, the Chilean capital. A dispatch from that city, which reached London yesterday afternoon, declares that Dictator Fonseca has not contented himself with a strict enforcement of a press censorship. He has now gone one step further and has required all the newspapers in Rio Janeiro which do not fully support his autocratic pretensions to suspend publication. The only papers which are allowed to continue to appear regularly are three which are supporting his dictatorship. These three are the *Journal of Commerce (Journal do Commercio)*, the *News (Las Novedades,)* and the *Courier (Correo)*. No intimation is given as to the effect of this arbitrary action of Fonseca against the liberty of the press on conservative public opinion.

Thirteen Hundred Houses Destroyed.

HANKOW, China, Oct. 3.—A huge fire has destroyed 1,300 houses in this city and rendered 13,000 people homeless. It is believed that a number of women and children lost their lives. Two days after ward 200 more houses were burned.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

The Announcements in this advertisement and those which will follow will enable the friends of THE COMPANION to judge somewhat of the scope and character of the reading that will be given in its columns during 1892 — the sixty-fifth year of its issue.

Nine Illustrated Serial Stories.

The Serial Stories for the coming year will be of rare interest and variety, as well as unusual in number.

Lois Mallet's Dangerous Gift. A New England Quaker Girl's first Contact with "World's People"; by Mrs. Mary Catherine Lee.
A Tale of the Tow-Path. The Hardships encountered by a Boy who found Life at home too Hard for him; by Homer Greene.
How Dickon Came by his Name. A charmingly written Story of the Age of Chivalry; by Harold Frederic.
Two "Techs" Abroad. They set off on a Tour of the World in quest of Profitable Enterprises; by C. A. Stephens.
A Young Knight of Honor. The Story of a Boy who stood at his Post while Death was all around him; by Miss Fanny M. Johnson.
A Boy Lieutenant. A True Narrative; by Free S. Bowley.
Smoky Days. A Story of a Forest Fire; by E. W. Thomson.
Touaregs. A Story of the Sahara; by Lossing G. Brown.
On the Lone Mountain Route; by Miss Will Allen Dromgoole.

Hints on Self-Education.

Articles of great value to Young Men who desire to educate themselves

Hon. Andrew D. White, Ex-President of Cornell
President Timothy Dwight, of Yale University.
President E. H. Capen, of Tufts College.
President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University.
President Francis L. Patton, of Princeton College
Professor James Bryce, M.P., author of the "American Commonwealth."

Practical Advice.

The Habit of Thrift; by Andrew Carnegie.
How to Start a Small Store; by F. B. Thurber.
Girls and the Violin. A Valuable Paper; by Camilla Urso.
A Chat with Edison. How to Succeed as an Electrician; G. P. Lathrop.
Boys in N. Y. Offices; Evils of Small Loans; by Henry Clews.
The Girl Who Thinks She Can Write. Three Articles of Advice by well-known Writers, Amelia E. Barr, Jeanette L. Gilder, Kate Field.

Five Special Features.

A Rare Young Man. Describing the life of a young inventor of extraordinary gifts; by The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
Episodes in My Life. A delightful paper telling how he came to build the Suez Canal; by The Count de Lesseps.
The Story of the Atlantic Cable. Mr. Field's narrative has the thrilling interest of a romance; Cyrus W. Field.
Unseen Causes of Disease; Three admirable articles by the Eminent English Physician, Sir Morell Mackenzie.
Boys and Girls at the World's Fair. What Young Americans may do as Exhibitors; by Col. George R. Davis.

Glimpses of Royalty.

Housekeeping at Windsor Castle; by Lady Jeune.
How Queen Victoria Travels; by H. W. Lucy.
The Story of Kensington Palace; by The Marquis of Lorne.
How I Met the Queen; by Nugent Robinson.

Railway Life.

The Safest Part of a Train; by Col. H. G. Prout.
Success in Railway Life; by Supt. N. Y. Central, Theo. Voorhees.
Asleep at his Post; by former Supt. Mich. Southern, Charles Paine.
Roundhouse Stories. Humorous and pathetic; by An Old Brakeman.

Short Stories and Adventures.

More than One Hundred capital Stories of Adventure, Pioneering, Hunting Touring will be printed in this volume. Among them are:

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The Cruise of a Wagon-Camp.
Old Thad's Stratagem.
Very Singular Burglars.
The Tin Peddler's Baby.
Blown Across Lake Superior.
A Young Doctor's Queer Patients.
His Day for the Flag.
Capturing a Desperado.
In the Burning Pineries.
The Boys and the Wild-Cat.
On a Cattle Steamer in a Storm.

The Illustrations will be improved and increased in number. The Weekly Editorials on the leading Foreign and Domestic Topics will be marked by impartiality and clearness. Household Articles will be contributed by well-known writers. The Children's Page will be more attractive than ever. The Illustrated Weekly Supplements, adding nearly one-half to the size of the paper, will be continued.

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ANXIOUS FOR WAR.

The Chinese Government is Attempting to Drive All Foreigners From the Country.

SHANGHAI, Oct. 14.—A native paper says: All leaders of rioters who destroyed the churches and chapels at Kwang Teh Chow in Anhui, have been examined, and have confessed, implicating a student. The magistrate refused to entertain this charge, on the ground that the student was incapable of such an act, and refused to confront him with his accusers, who had been send to Wahu for trial. The student has followed them to clear his character.

The *North China News* publishes a long article fully discussing the recent riots with their causes. It says, in brief: "The theory that the rebels are attempting to overthrow the central government by embroiling it with foreign powers, although plausable at first, is now absolutely incredible. Among other curious things we must believe, according to this theory, is that the Chinese government is dealing with its enemies as no government ever did before. It cannot see them until actually pointed out by foreigners. Unless their names and addresses are given it cannot find them. When caught it will not punish them unless compelled, and is always ready to encourage those who help and obstruct those who hinder them. In short the government has gone mad. The officer cannot control his soldiers; the governors their officers, nor the emperor his viceroys. Moreover, no rebel has yet even been seen by foreigners. Such rioters as foreigners have recognized were without exception the emperor's most loyal subjects and servants, soldiers and officials. No act of theirs has been directed against the government. Foreigners alone have suffered.

"The truth is that Chinese of all classes hate the foreigner. A generation has passed since the last foreign war and the Chinese now believe they can make China too hot for foreigners to live in. All the riots were inspired deliberately by the imperial government for the purpose. Nothing can be gained by negotiations at Peking unless the powers interfere with arms the agitation will go on until the foreigners are cramped up in their concessions as in the old factory days. Such is the case at Hong Kow at present, while every mission station between there and Chung Kiang has been abandoned. The presence of a Chinese fleet in Yangs Tsee may not be to protect foreigners from rioters, but to resist a possible attack by foreign fleets. The powers may dismiss rebellion nightmare. No act of theirs will bring about any such calamity. As for war, that was declared practically by the Chinese five months ago. The only question is how soon the other side will be compelled to strike back."

ENGLISH CONSERVATIVES.

Draft a Platform to be Adopted at the Coming Party Caucus in Birmingham.

LONDON, Nov. 14.—The Executive committee of the Conservative associations have drafted a platform to be adopted at the great party caucus which opens in Birmingham on the 23d inst., as the final programme of the party for the coming elections. The distinctive name given to the meeting—national union conference—does not imply the inclusion of the liberal unionist element the caucus will be purely Conservative, and will consist of joint delegates drawnfrom the English and Welsh constituences. A perusal of advance proofs of the resolutions show that the leading proposal concerns Ireland and discloses the fact that the conservative leaders have resisted the appeal of an influential section of the party to ignore Irish affairs. The conference will be asked to indorse the intention of the ministers to extend local government and promote technical education in Ireland.

Other important planks provide for the extension of the franchise to women who are land owners or house occupants; the creation of a labor department under a member of the cabinet, to be termed the labor minister; and legislation to enable local authorities to acquire land to facilitate the creation of small rural holdings. As a further concession to the labor vote the conference will declare in favor of the principles of labor representation, and will urge conservatives to support labor candidates everywhere, who appeal to enter public life upon no party lines. This plank, contrasting with the Liberal pronouncement against labor candidates in purely labor interests, is deftly contrived to encourage a split in the radical workmen's vote. Next, the government is requested to increase the number of appointments of workmen as factory inspectors and to appoint women inspectors.

GRINDING DOWN THE OPERATIVES.

Relentless Fines Imposed Upon Workmen in English Factories.

LONDON, Nov. 14.—Startling evidence has been laid before the labor commission in regard to the condition of the operatives in the textile trades in Lancashire and Yorkshire. Of the workers' scant wages, ranging from 16 shillings weekly upward, a system of relentless fines absorbs a large percentage. It appears that the manufacturers hold the workers responsible for spoiled material. A single fine sometimes absorbs a whole week's pay, and any excess of fine over wages is carried forward until the whole fine is worked off. Many workmen live in a state of semi-starvation, bound hand and foot by the accruings of their employers' illegal fines. Truck abuses, supposed to have been suppressed, are still in active existence, and the factory acts are openly defied. Factory inspectors deposed that spies were sent to watch for and announce their coming in order to prevent them from getting compromising information.

FOREIGN NOTES OF REAL INTEREST.

Influenza has reappeared in Montevideo, and 2,000 persons are affected with the disease.

In a lecture at Toronto, Monday night, Goldwin Smith advocated the annexation of Canada to the United States.

It is reported that the Revolutionist Garza last week attacked the custom house at Guerrero, Mexico, and was repulsed by troops.

The authorities of the Russian war office have resolved to construct a line of forts along the Chinese frontier, and to increase the number of officers in Central Asia.

Henry M. Stanley, in an interview at Sydney, N. S. W., announces that he will cease lecturing at the close of his Australian tour, and that he contemplates further African explorations.

Several fresh cases of trichinosis in American pork are reported from Goingen Ruschied. The effect of these, the dealers say, is to make the sale of American pork and bacon very difficult.

The German army in 1893 will consist of 20,324 officers and 486,083 privates, 1,837 army surgeons, 893 paymasters, aeronauts, etc., 550 veterinary surgeons, 885 gunsmiths, and 6,000 saddlers. The number of horses in military service will be 95,760.

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OFFER No. 3.—We will send the WEEKLY BLADE one year and one set of the Revised Encyclopedia Brittanica free to any person sending us $75.00 for 10 subscriptions for one year and 10 sets of the Revised Encyclopedia Britannica. Remember,

FOREIGN NEWS.

BRITISH MEDDLING.

The Feeling in Chile Against America and Americans Was Fomented and is Fostered by British Interests.

SANTIAGO, Chile, Oct. 15.—(Special correspondence of the Associated Press.)—The mails which arrived from the north a few days ago brought American newspapers up to September 10. The publications contained in them in regard to affairs in Chile, and particularly the statements in regard to the action of Mr. Egan, have caused much comment among all classes of people in Santiago. The members of the American colony here have expressed their opinions on the subject very freely. They are unable to judge as to what may be the real feeling in America in regard to Mr. Egan, but there is no doubt of the fact that they are

Expressing Their Indignation

at many of the statements which have found their way into the American press. Among the Americans in Chile, or at least among those who receive the respect of the community in which they live, there is not to be found one who expresses any sympathy with the charges that have been made against Mr. Egan, the principal ones of which seem to be that he openly supported the late President Balmaceda; that he made improper contracts with the late government in Chile, and that he had incurred the displeasure of the Congressional party to such an extent that he is now in disfavor with the present provisional government here, and that accordingly he is about to receive passports to return home.

There has never been any intimation from an official source that Mr. Egan's recall was to be asked for, nor is there any indication of such a thing at the present time. Mr. Egan, as well as all Americans here, has received

A Share of the Popular Criticism.

But this criticism has found its origin mainly in speeches, which, owing to feelings of prejudice, are, from an American standpoint, the least worthy of consideration. Mr. Egan's policy has been one calculated to advance American interests in Chile, which always has been comparatively small. Several measures which he undertook in the early part of his administration naturally excited enmity, and even alarm, in the minds of persons who represented other foreign interests, and who regarded with jealousy any American encroachment upon ground which they considered their own.

English Interests.

The English interests in Chile exceed those of any foreign country, and not only on account of the extent of their interests, but for other reasons which are equally plain, the English residents in Chile were the most active in their opposition to the American minister. Without any attempt at secrecy, Mr. Egan endeavored to make arrangements with the Chilean government, which was then represented by President Balmaceda, by which inducements would be offered for American capital to become interested in the valuable nitrate property in the northern part of Chile.

The Feeling Against America.

The feeling against America which is general throughout Chile found expression here last week in a way that led to considerable correspondence between United States Minister Egan and the officers of the provincal government.

Just after the victory of the congressional forces a month ago a number of Chileans who had been supporters of Balmaceda recognized the fact that their lives were in danger and sought refuge at the United States legation here. Among them were some of the most prominent members of Balmaceda's party. The revolutionary authorities since they came into power, have used every means to obtain possession of these refugees. They first demanded their surrender but Minister Egan informed them that the United States had never yet refused asylum to a political refugee, and that he would not surrender them. They then represented that some intimation be given the refugees by outside sources that their presence at the legation was undesirable and was liable to place the legation in bad repute with the party in power. Mr. Egan's reply was that that was "not the Yankee style of doing things," and that he preferred to act directly with the refugees themselves.

Cause of the Revolution.

There is little doubt that the primary cause of the revolution was the fact that the English interess in the nitrate properties in the north of Chile were threatened by Balmaceda. Numerous instances were developed during the war in which valuable assistance was given the revolutionists by English representatives in Chile, and it is also a fact that the English residents in Chile are now the strongest in their denunciations of the conduct of the American officials here.

A FORTUNE FOR PARNELL'S WIDOW.

Satisfactory Settlement of the Contest of Lady Wood's Will.

LONDON, Nov. 14.—It is reported that the contest regarding the will of Lady Wood, Mrs. Parnell's aunt, has been settled on a basis that gives Mrs. Parnell about £40,000, or one-half of the estate, the remainder to be divided up among the other heirs. Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood, the brother of Mrs. Parnell and leading contestant in the case, was much opposed to his sister until recently, when his heart was deeply touched by her sufferings consequent upon the death of Mr. Parnell. He has not yet become openly reconciled, but he has sent her an expression of condolence, and also consented to the compromise on terms that he some time ago had refused.

Mrs. Parnell's situation will be greatly improved by the settlement, as, although she had some property before, it has been greatly diminished by her recent expenses and many charities for which she has always been noted. Mrs. Parnell's health is improving somewhat, but care is still taken to keep from her all information relative to the assault upon her name by Healy and others.

THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY EXCITED.

Defects Discovered in Several Big Guns on the War Ships.

LONDON, Nov. 14.—The British admiralty is much excited over the growing record of defects in great guns on English war ships. Five vessels have recently been officially declared to be carrying unreliable guns. In the 110-gun of the ironclad Benbow, which has been in commission only a few weeks, a crack developed in the inner tubes after firing a few rounds of 960 pounds each, constituting the service's full charge. Similar accidents have happened to guns on the Victoria and Sans Pareil. Generally the heaviest weapons are becoming distrusted, and the admiralty has ordered that a number of them be taken to the ordnance works to be strengthened. Meanwhile the 75-ton guns of the French fleet are acting perfectly.

The Japan Earthquake.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 12.—The Japan *Daily Herald* of October 28 contains only meagre details of the great earthquake in Japan, which occurred on that date. Evidently the full extent of the damage done was not realized at Yokohama when this account was printed. The paper mentions the damage to the electric light plant and the interruption of the telegraph service. The shock was so violent that small mantelpiece seismographs were unequal to recording it.

FOREIGN NOTES OF REAL INTEREST.

The czar is making strenuous efforts to relieve the famine stricken peasants in Russia.

Dispatches to London papers state that the Brazilian Junta has an army of 30,000 men.

The Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, United States minister to Great Britain, who has been granted leave of absence, has arrived in Rome, where he expected to remain for a week.

The government of Japan has assured the Vatican that the fullest possible protection will be accorded to the new hierarchy in Japan with the Metropolitan in Tokio and suffragans in Nagasaki, Osaka and Hakodayi.

A bulletin issued from Marlborough House this morning states that Prince George of Wales passed a good night. No unfavorable symptoms have developed and unless the prince should suffer a relapse it is believed his progress toward recovery will be rapid.

Contrary to the reports published in many continental and English papers, it is authoritatively said that no letter of felicitation from Henry George to the pope on the subject of his recent encyclical has been received at the vatican.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE

GENERAL NEWS.

NICARAGUA CANAL.

Work on the Great Ditch is Progressing Rapidly—No Sickness Among the Laborers.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—Dr. Donoso Maliano, of Rivas, Nicaragua, is in town. He is enthusiastic about the big canal and talks hopefully of it.

"A great deal of work has been done," he says, "and the company is giving every promise of being serious in the matter and of intending to prosecute its task with reasonable promptitude. An important piece of work that it has carried far on to completion is the building of the breakwater at Greytown Harbor, the material for which is to be brought from Ochan. The canal at San Juan is an accomplished fact for the distance of half a mile. Three or four dredges are hard at work deepening, widening and lengthening it. Again the company has done good work, so far as that work has gone, on the bar in the entrance to the Bay of San Juan del Norte, having dredged it fully to the depth of twelve or fourteen feet.

"The work of clearing the line from Espinal to Brito, the Pacific entrance to the canal, was to be undertaken this month. The rainy season interfered with it for a short while. It will be concluded, if the average rate of progress be maintained, about next summer.

"A great deal has also been done on the Atlantic side in the way of clearing. Altogether, I should estimate that the company employs about 500 men steadily. These laborers are principally natives and Jamaicans, though many nationalities are represented in the number. Their pay is about $18 or $20 per month. There has been little or no sickness among the Americans, I am glad to say.

TROUBLE AHEAD FOR DR. TALMAGE.

Members of His Congregation Say He is Getting Too Gay.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—Not a few members of the Brooklyn Tabernacle have about reached the conclusion that the church simply revolves around Dr. Talmage, and there is considerable discontent as a consequence. Some time ago Sunday School Superintendent Eels resigned unceremoniously and general changes in the board of trustees immediately afterended strongly to show that all was not harmony in the church. Mr. Eels was dropped from the board of elders as a result of his resignation, and was succeeded as superintendent of the Sunday school by Dr. Talmage's son Frank, who is studying for the ministry. Apparently young Talmage was only an emergency, for Dr. Klopsch, editor of the Brooklyn preacher's well advertised *Christian Herald*, is now to take charge.

A member of the tabernacle, in speaking of the debts which have accumulated on the new church, said that the finances had been mismanaged. He blamed Dr. Talmage for going off to Palestine just as the affairs of the tabernacle needed the most careful watching. "The changes in the Sunday school superintendency, the board of elders and of trustees," said the member, "are all the result of Dr. Talmage's dictation.

VALUABLE OIL RUNNING TO WASTE.

Thousands of Barrels Lost Every Day in the McDonald Field.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 13.—The Standard Oil people admit that the wonderful McDonald field near Pittsburg is too much for them. They have all along declared that their pipe line constructors and tank builders could keep pace with the development of any territory that had ever been known, but for the last three days 30,000 barrels of petroleum, worth 50 cents a barrel, have been floating away on the surface of the Ohio River, through the inability of the National Transit company to either pipe or tank it. This has happened, too, in spite of the fact that the company has for two weeks been putting up one new tank of 35,000 barrels capacity daily.

All this time the shipments have been 50,000 barrels and over every twenty-four hours, but, as the production has been from 70,000 to 80,000 barrels daily, the stocks accumulate in spite of the herculean efforts to relieve the field. The oil report shows that for the last month there has been an increase in gross stocks of about 700,000 barrels, and for several days the Standard has been selling, having put out 50,000 barrels yesterday alone.

THE REV. SAM SMALL PUNISHED.

An Atlanta Saloon Keeper Pitches into the Sensational Preacher.

ATLANTA, Ga., Nov. 14.—Sam Small, the noted evangelist, was attacked Thursday morning and severely beaten by Tom Minor, an Atlanta saloonkeeper. The liquor man's fists were wielded with great force, and the sensational preacher came out of the encounter with a split lip and a badly bruised nose. Last Sunday the reverend gentleman delivered an address to a large crowd in the Prohibition hall in Atlanta, and after blacksmithing the character of several Atlanta whisky dealers, he charged Tom Minor with having deserted his family, leaving them to starve. Minor saw Small enter a barber shop this morning and followed him. As Mr. Small hung his overcoat up and started toward a chair Minor struck him on the nose. Small fell to the floor, and before he could rise Minor kicked him in the face. Small's face is badly bruised, his under lip is cut, and he has lost three teeth.

"If I had known he was going to attack me," said Mr. Small, in speaking of the affair, "we'd 'a' had as much fun as a box of monkeys. I'd have grabbed a razor, opened it, and said, "Now come on, if you want to, you dirty, sneaking skunk."

A JUDGE SUED BY HIS DAUGHTERS.

Trouble Ahead for a California Jurist With an Itching Palm.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 14.—Two suits have been filed against Judge S. Clinton Hastings by his daughters, Ella Hastings and Mrs. Catherwood. Ella alleges that her father has had her illegally declared insane by the Superior court of Lake county in order to obtain posession of her property. She petitions that the judgment of the Lake county court be set aside and that she be restored to the possession of her property.

Mrs. Catherwood, who owns a ranch in Napa county, which is managed by her father, sues him for $1,200, the value of grapes raised on the ranch and $1,200 rent. Judge Hastings is a millionaire, and was at one time Congressman from Iowa as well as chief justice of the Supreme court of that state. He was also first chief justice of the Supreme court of California and the founder of the Hasting law school in this city.

A Minnesota Man Has Designs on Land Near Jackson Park.

LUVERNE, Minn., Nov. 14.—It is announced here that R. B. Hinkley, cashier of the Rock County bank, of this city, acting as guardian for Mrs. Harriet Bryan, an insane woman of 90 years, living here with her sister, has secured title to Chicago real estate valued at $200,000. The land was not lost to her by the statute of limitation, but because of her lunacy.

The property is 80 acres, situated just southeast of Jackson Park, Chicago. It was originally purchased by Charles Stanton in 1837. Stanton died in California in 1843, and the property was sold at tax sale.

Big Apple Crop in Michigan.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 14.—The Michigan apple crop is the largest for years, and dealers report that they have never received a better quality. The daily receipts of the Detroit shippers at present average 4,500 bushels a day. Potatoes are also exceedingly plentiful this year, and cabbage is so numerous that the market is glutted and farmers hardly find it profitable to bring it in.

WAY DOWN IN MAINE.

Liquor Dealers Who Had a Very Gay Time Last Summer are Now Paying for It.

LINCOLN, Me., Nov. 13.—The recent raid upon the liquor dealers of this place and their conviction at Old Town yesterday furnished the sequel to a remarkable story of the undisturbed doings of a certain element in this town.

This element had sufficient power and recklessness last summer to turn a pastor of the Congregational church from his boarding place because he preached temperance sermons. It pelted him with rotten eggs and stones while going home from church, it set dogs upon him in the streets of the village, and this in the daytime; it thrust a bottle of rum under his nose in the street and demanded that he drink. It also egged the Methodist minister on the street and threatened his life, yet no one interfered. An Indian girl was filled with liquor and left naked at the church door one evening just as people were coming out, with a blazing torch not far away to light up the scene. On another occasion a mixture of whisky and sweet wine was taken by a whisky dealer's son to school. The school house has a belfry, and there in school hours several scholars were found playing cards and one stupefied by drink.

Two of the dealers were fined $100 and costs each and sent to jail for 60 days. One dealer has fled and several will appear in court later.

DEATH OF COLONEL DONN PIATT.

An Attack of La Grippe Carries Off the Great Newspaper Man.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 13.—Col. Donn Piatt died at his home, Mac-O-Cheek, yesterday afternoon. He had been ill for two weeks with a form of la grippe, but it was only in the last few days that his indisposition was regarded as at all serious.

Since Col. Piatt's retirement from active journalistic work he has resided at his elegant country home in Logan

DONN PIATT.

county. He was called from his retirement in 1888 at the urgent request of Mr. Cleveland, to found *Belford's Free Trade Monthly*, a magazine in New York. After one year at that work he returned to Ohio and engaged upon an extensive biographical history of Gen. George H. Thomas, which was almost completed at the time of his death. His letters to the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* on the issue and candidates of the late campaign attracted wide attention.

Colonel Piatt was born in Cincinnati June 19, 1819. He prepared for the law and was elected to the Common Pleas bench at a very early age. His subsequent public career needs no recapitulation. As a journalist and editor of his paper in Washington he worked a revolution in certain ways of the profession, and gained a reputation that is worldwide. Col. Piatt has been twice married, and his second wife for many years an invalid, survives him. The funeral will be held on Sunday at 3 p. m.

HUNDREDS OF VOLCANOES FOUND.

Remarkable Discovery Made in Lower California By a Surveying Party.

YUMA, Ariz., Nov. 12.—The party, which has been engaged part of two mohths surveying lands in lower California, returned Tuesday. The party surveyed from Colorado from its source to its present mouth and made several interesting discoveries. They report that the volcanic region showed the severity of the recent earthquake troubles. Fifteen of the most active volcanoes in what is known as the west group are almost entirely obliterated, the only sign of their former location being the lava-like holes almost filled with sulphur water. The east group of the 500 volcanoes at Lake Jululu have daily eruptions, and to the south group have been added at least 100 large volcanoes during the period of the earthquakes in July last.

On the south hill where a year ago no evidence of volcanoes existed, the grandest one in Lower California now appears. The chief one is in active operation. Its crater opening is 100 by 40 feet in extent. Lake Jululu, formerly five miles long by half a mile wide, is now 25 miles long and 12 to 25 miles in width, and with an average depth of 12 to 25 feet. Its waters formerly salt, are now fresh owing to the overflow of the Colorado. On the homeward journey the party discovered a new water-way parallel to the Colorado, leading into the unexplored country between the Colorado and Meza divide, which separates Carter river from New river. The newly discovered waterway was found to be the inlet of the Colorado entering 15 miles below Yuma.

PAINTED THE BOY WITH GREEN.

A Young Lead Pipe Thief Decorated With Ireland's National Color.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—Joseph McGuinness, a boy 8 years old, and his father were complainants Monday in the Essex Market court against Charles J. Pickett, a plumber. They charged him with painting a part of the boy's body green. Pickett said that boys had been stealing lead pipe from a building where he worked. He pursued the boys, and caught young McGuinness, and found lead pipe in his pocket. He did not want to whip the boy, nor to arrest him, so he just daubed some green paint on the boy's body, to teach him a lesson. Justice Duffy thought that Pickett had done right, and discharged him, and remarked to McGuinness's father that he, being an Irishman, ought not to be angry to have his son painted in his national color.

A BOY IN THE ASTOR FAMILY.

An Heir to Millions Makes His Debut on Sunday.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—Mrs. John Jacob Astor gave birth to a boy Sunday morning at her home, 374 Fifth avenue. Mrs. Astor's mother, Mrs. Willing, and Dr. Lusk were present to welcome the little stranger, but the father, who was lying in another room, was too ill with typhoid fever to be told of the event. At last reports both the mother and the baby were doing well and Mr. Astor's physicians felt confident that unless a relapse should come the boy might be presented to his father in a few days. John Jacob Astor was married to Miss Eva Willing at her residence in Philadelphia on February 17. The wedding was one of great magnificence, and after the ceremony the bridal couple sailed for a cruise in the West Indies.

The New York Legislature.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—Uncertainty as to the legislature continues. Both parties assert their claim as loudly as ever. The county canvassers did little or nothing to settle the question, nor will they do much before the last of the week. News from the several disputed counties show an inclination on both sides to raise a row; that was only prevented by a wholesome regard for the law which is plain and explicit.

A HUSTLING PORTER.

The United States Minister to Italy Returns in Haste and Hurries to Washington.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—United States Minister Albert G. Porter, the representative of this government at the court of King Humbert, has been unexpectedly summoned to Washington to confer with the President and secretary of State on the present situation of the New Orleans mob violence, by which the Mafia murderers lost their lives.

The minister arrived Sunday, and after a few hours' stop proceeded on a fast express to Washington. He declined almost abruptly to tell why he was going to Washington in such haste and secrecy. He said that it would not do for him to discuss a grave dispute between nations when he occupied the position of an intermediary.

The hasty summons and the arrival of the minister showed probably that Italy has taken advantage of the trouble between the United States and Chile to make a demand for an apology and a money indemnity for the killing of the two Mafiites who were found by the United States marshal, who investigated the case, to be subjects of King Humbert. It is believed to have appeared to Italian Prime Minister Rudini that this is an opportune time to submit such a demand—it may even be an ultimatum, inasmuch as the naval vessels of the United States are concentrating in Chilean waters, and may be needed there for several months at least.

"Has Rudini made a demand for an indemnity or for an apology?" asked a reporter.

The diplomat threw up his hands, shook his head warningly, and said it would never do at all for him to make any statement for publication. Whatever there may be in the mysterious event of diplomacy that has called a United States minister all the way from Rome to Washington is a profound secret. The minister's arrival was unannounced, and his passage through and out of the city in swift secrecy on his journey to the Capital are the first intimations that something more, and that something probably of the first importance, may be in course of evolution in a controversy that unquestionably gave the people of two great nations serious concern for months.

BERING SEA AGAIN.

Canadians Will Howl if They Can Not Steal Our Seals and They Want the Negotiations Abandoned.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—It is stated on the highest authority that in the "inner circles" the impression prevails that there will not be a speedy settlement of the Bering sea controversy, and for these reasons, broadly stated, it is not believed that Great Britain desires so speedily to reach a settlement. Great Britain believes that any fair intrepretation of the points in dispute will be favorable to the United States. While to the great mass of Englishmen such a conclusion would be received with passive indifference, a directly contrary effect would follow in the Dominion of Canada, and especially in British Columbia. With a brutal disregard of all interests except their own, the Canadians insist upon their right to poach in the waters of Bering sea, and do not think it a crime to raid the islands themselves in search of plunder. Under these circumstances any agreement that will shut the poachers out would be followed by a howl of indignation from one extremity of the Dominion to the other.

If the contention be not settled by spring a new modus vivendi will be again agreed to. The past season has demonstrated the impossibility of effectually policing the sea, inasmuch as the poachers are said to have captured upward of 40,000 seals during the months of June, July and August. It is true that the number is smaller than formerly, but it is still considerable. If the poachers can be as well next year—and they may do better—the opportunity is one not to be despised. At all events, it is better to get 40,000 skins than none at all, as would be the case if the contention were settled in our favor, leaving us at liberty to treat trespassers in the future as pirates. It would keep the Canadians in good humor for another year and in diplomacy a gain of one year is an advantage of no little moment.

TROUBLE IS BREWING IN ALASKA.

The Natives are Dissatisfied and a Rebellion May Break Out.

PORT TOWNSEND, Wash., Nov. 17.—Trouble is brewing in Alaska and any steamer may bring down the intelligence of a small-sized rebellion. The Juneau *Mining Record* suggests that, in view of the injustices offered from appointive officers under successive administrations, the people of Alaska, irrespective of party or creed, assemble in convention and prepare a bill for a territorial form of government suitable to the needs and conditions of Alaska; submit the bill to the people of Alaska for their approval by ballot, then forward it to Congress and ask its approval by that body.

If Congress should refuse to pass such a bill every resident of Alaska is advised to rise as one man and unfurl the motto, "Alaska for Alaska," elect their own judicial officers and resist all processes emanating from officials whose tenure of office is under organic act.

WAITING TO DECLARE THEMSELVES.

Canadians Debating the Subject of Political Union With Uncle Sam.

WINDSOR, Ont., Nov. 17.—Sol White, a political unionist leader, has received a letter from Markham, near Toronto, saying that joint debates are being held there on the subject of political union with the United States, and that they are attracting great attention. The letter also says there are many persons in that vicinity who are in favor of such union and are only awaiting an opportunity to declare themselves.

Discovered a Conspiracy.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—The treasury department has been informed of the arrest at Watertown, N. Y., of four Chinamen who were making an attempt to cross the Canadian border. The inspector at Ogdensburg, N. Y., in reporting this case, says he has information of the existence of a conspiracy to smuggle several hundred Chinamen into the United States from Canada, and that he is endeavoring to secure evidence against the alleged conspirators.

Gold at Buenos Ayres.

BUENOS AYRES, Nov. 16.—Gold closed to-day at 251 per cent premium.

The recent financial panic in Vienna was caused by Emperor Joseph's war alarm.

The second anniversary of the proclamation of the Republic of Brazil, was held in Rio de Janeiro Monday.

The Brazilian minister at Washington has received another dispatch from Rio de Janeiro to the effect that complete tranquility reigns in all the states except Rio Grande.

A mandamus has been issued enjoining Florida's secretary of state to issue a commission to R. H. M. Davidson, who was recently appointed United States Senator by Gov. Fleming.

HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN AND SCALP, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, blotchy, or copper colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood and skin purifiers, and daily effect more cures of blood and skin diseases than all other remedies combined.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Blood and Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Backache, kidney pains, weakness and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER.

MILLION DOLLAR FIRE.

St. Louis Swept by a Huge Conflagration in the Business Section.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 17.—The most disastrous fire which has visited St. Louis in many years, started in the furnace room of the large dry goods house of Penny & Gentles, on the southwest corner of Broadway and Franklin avenue, about 4:30 o'clock this morning. The watchman immediately turned in an alarm, and then a second and a third within ten minutes. The flames spread so rapidly, however, that a general alarm was given, which brought the entire department, but before the engines arrived, Penny & Gentles, the Sonnenfeld Millinery company, the mammoth establishment of the famous shoe and clothing company, occupying four entire blocks of four-story buildings on Broadway, between Franklin avenue and Morgan street, were in flames, and within two hours all the walls had fallen and nothing was left but ashes and bent and twisted iron girders.

Opposite Penny & Gentles's and Sonnenfeld's is the immense dry goods store of D. G. Crawford & Co. While the fire was at its height the heat was so intense that the firemen were unable to go on Broadway, hence the whole front of Crawford's store, including the display windows and all the show cases in the front part of the store from top to bottom were badly damaged by the heat, causing a loss of probably $50,000. On Franklin avenue, opposite Penny & Gentles's, the whole row from Broadway to the alley was very badly damaged. The firms occupying these buildings were O. Wheyer, drugs; Ed. P. Bohl, hatter; Gerson & Co., hats; E. H. Korthaus & Co., jewelers; St. Louis Tailoring company, and C. Bohemer, jewelry.

Adjoining Crawford's, on Broadway, the following business houses were gutted: McDonald Bros., hats; G. H. Clements, hose; Charles Stix, agent for furnishers and clothiers; Mrs. M. Tobin, milliner; Stowe & Co., groceries; Square Dealing Clothing company and the Welnman House, the guests of which had safely evacuated the building. On Franklin avenue, just west of Penny & Gentles, the general dry goods store of Thomas Hedson was damaged by smoke and water to the extent of $30,000; insured.

The total loss will no doubt exceed $1,000,000, but reliable details are not obtainable at this writing. John Lynch, of the salvage corps No. 1, fell from the second story of the Weinman House and was seriously hurt. Truckman Himon was thrown from a hose reel in a collision with a Broadway street car and was badly injured internally.

During the time the down town fire was burning the handsome residence of Capt. John A. Scudder of Vandeventre Place, one of the aristocratic residence portions of the city was discovered to be on fire and it took six or seven alarms to bring an engine there. The building was completely gutted. Cap. Scudder losing a house full of costly furniture; the loss here will exceed $75,000 with insurance about the same.

BERLINER'S PATENT

Sustained by the United States Patent Office—The Bell Company Now Has a Clear Field.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—To-day the United States patent office issued a patent to Emile Berliner, assignor to the Bell Telephone company, for a combined telegraph and telephone, which has been pending in that office since June 4, 1877. It is understood that the Bell Telephone company believes that this patent covers features which are necessary to the practical use of telephones. Inventors do not take that view of the patent. They think that when Bell's basic patent expires, March 7, 1893, they will be able to produce practical telephones not infringing the Berliner patent. The issue of this patent is the second step taken by Commissioner Simonds, and possibly the last, which it will be necessary to take to practically dispose of a long existing tangle of telephone litigation in the patent office.

The first step was the decision of October 29, 1891, lately published, denying a telephone patent to Daniel Drawbaugh on his 1880 application, because that invention had been in public use for more than two years prior to that application, and also because the Supreme court had decided that Drawbaugh did not invent the telephone. Berliner's application has been in a number of interferences with other applications, among others with one of Edison from 1878 to 1886. For a number of years last past it has been held in the office by the application of Drawbaugh, it being necessary to put it into interference therewith, if Drawbaugh otherwise established his right to a patent, which he failed to do. It is stated that with Drawbaugh out of the way, the Berlin patent was entitled to issue as a matter of course. Every other question in the case was finally adjudicated years ago.

NEW NATIONAL GRANGE OFFICERS.

J. H. Brigham, of Ohio, Re-elected Master on the First Ballot.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Nov. 17.—(Special.)—The National Grange elected officers as follows this morning: Master, J. H. Brigham, Ohio; overseer, E. W. Davis, California; lecturer, Mortimer Whitehead, New Jersey; steward, W. E. Page, Missouri; assistant, O. E. Hall, Nebraska; chaplain, Charles McDaniel, New Hampshire; treasurer, F. M. McDowell, New York; secretary, John Trimble, Washington, D. C.; gate keeper, W. H. Nelson, Tennessee; ceres, Mrs. Edna Bingham, Ohio; pomona, Mrs. C. E. Bowen, Connecticut. Mr. Brigham was re-elected on the first ballot. The master's salary was fixed at $500 and expenses, and the secretary's at $1,200.

GRAIN BLOCKADE IN THE WEST.

Two Thousand Cars of Wheat and Oats Tied Up on the Burlington.

BURLINGTON, Ia., Nov. 17.—The most serious grain blockade known in the history of Western railroading is now being experienced by the Burlington and other roads west of Chicago. West of the Mississippi river there are on the Burlington system about 2,000 cars of wheat and oats side-tracked for want of storage room in Chicago and lack of motive power. Thirteen hundred of these cars are on Iowa side tracks. Burlington officials here figure that the Chicago blockade will be raised some time this week, but think it will be worse than ever when the delayed shipments begin pouring in. What is to be done when corn begins to move is a puzzling question.

NEWSY DISPATCHES CONDENSED.

The Missouri Supreme court has decided that the anti-pool room law in that state is constitutional.

The U. S. S. steamers Bennington, Concord and Atlanta will be ready to leave the Brooklyn navy yard to-day. They have taken on coal and ammunition.

Of the 950,000 ounces of silver offered for sale to the Treasury department Monday, 400,000 ounces were purchased, ranging in price from $0.9450 to $0.9470.

M. H. De Young, of San Francisco, is en route to Washington in the interests of San Francisco as an aspirant for the next Republican national convention.

The Choctaw council has passed an act which will have the effect of making negroes from the states, who seek a promised land, go to some other country besides that nation.

The President left Washington Monday afternoon for Benjies, Md., where he will spend two or three days in ducking. He is accompanied by ex-Senator Sewall, of New Jersey.

The extra session of the Pennsylvania senate has adjourned, after deciding that it was without jurisdiction in the case of State Auditor General McCamant and State Treasurer Boyer.

Comanche, the famous war horse, and only living thing belonging to the United States service that escaped alive from the famous Custer massacre, died yesterday, at Fort Riley. His skin will be mounted and sent to the World's Fair.

President Harrison has granted pardons in the following cases: George C. Wells, convicted in California of violating the postal laws; Wm. Hart, convicted in West Virginia of violating internal revenue laws, and Eugene Mize, convicted in Arkansas of assault with intent to kill.

The London *Standard's* Paris correspondent says he hears from an unquestionable authority that Lord Salisbury has intimated to R stem Pasha, the Turkish embassador in London, that England is ready to reopen the negotiations for a convention to regulate the affairs of Egypt.

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BERLINER'S PATENT

Sustained by the United States Patent Office—The Bell Company Now Has a Clear Field.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—To-day the United States patent office issued a patent to Emile Berliner, assignor to the Bell Telephone company, for a combined telegraph and telephone, which has been pending in that office since June 4, 1877. It is understood that the Bell Telephone company believes that this patent covers features which are necessary to the practical use of telephones. Inventors do not take that view of the patent. They think that when Bell's basic patent expires, March 7, 1893, they will be able to produce practical telephones not infringing the Berliner patent. The issue of this patent is the second step taken by Commissioner Simonds, and possibly the last, which it will be necessary to take to practically dispose of a long existing tangle of telephone litigation in the patent office.

The first step was the decision of October 29, 1891, lately published, denying a telephone patent to Daniel Drawbaugh on his 1880 application, because that invention had been in public use for more than two years prior to that application, and also because the Supreme court had decided that Drawbaugh did not invent the telephone. Berliner's application has been in a number of interferences with other applications, among others with one of Edison from 1878 to 1886. For a number of years last past it has been held in the office by the application of Drawbaugh, it being necessary to put it into interference therewith, if Drawbaugh otherwise established his right to a patent, which he failed to do. It is stated that with Drawbaugh out of the way, the Berlin patent was entitled to issue as a matter of course. Every other question in the case was finally adjudicated years ago.

NEW NATIONAL GRANGE OFFICERS.

J. H. Brigham, of Ohio, Re-elected Master on the First Ballot.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Nov. 17.—(Special.)—The National Grange elected officers as follows this morning: Master, J. H. Brigham, Ohio; overseer, E. W. Davis, California; lecturer, Mortimer Whitehead, New Jersey; steward, W. E. Page, Missouri; assistant, O. E. Hall, Nebraska; chaplain, Charles McDaniel, New Hampshire; treasurer, F. M. McDowell, New York; secretary, John Trimble, Washington, D. C.; gate keeper, W. H. Nelson, Tennessee; ceres, Mrs. Edna Bingham, Ohio; pomona, Mrs. C. E. Bowen, Connecticut. Mr. Brigham was re-elected on the first ballot. The master's salary was fixed at $500 and expenses, and the secretary's at $1,200.

GRAIN BLOCKADE IN THE WEST.

Two Thousand Cars of Wheat and Oats Tied Up on the Burlington.

BURLINGTON, Ia., Nov. 17.—The most serious grain blockade known in the history of Western railroading is now being experienced by the Burlington and other roads west of Chicago. West of the Mississippi river there are on the Burlington system about 2,000 cars of wheat and oats side-tracked for want of storage room in Chicago and lack of motive power. Thirteen hundred of these cars are on Iowa side tracks. Burlington officials here figure that the Chicago blockade will be raised some time this week, but think it will be worse than ever when the delayed shipments begin pouring in. What is to be done when corn begins to move is a puzzling question.

NEWSY DISPATCHES CONDENSED.

The Missouri Supreme court has decided that the anti-pool room law in that state is constitutional.

The U. S. S. steamers Bennington, Concord and Atlanta will be ready to leave the Brooklyn navy yard to-day. They have taken on coal and ammunition.

Of the 950,000 ounces of silver offered for sale to the Treasury department Monday, 400,000 ounces were purchased, ranging in price from $0.9450 to $0.9470.

M. H. De Young, of San Francisco, is en route to Washington in the interests of San Francisco as an aspirant for the next Republican national convention.

The Choctaw council has passed an act which will have the effect of making negroes from the states, who seek a promised land, go to some other country besides that nation.

The President left Washington Monday afternoon for Benjies, Md., where he will spend two or three days in ducking. He is accompanied by ex-Senator Sewall, of New Jersey.

The extra session of the Pennsylvania senate has adjourned, after deciding that it was without jurisdiction in the case of State Auditor General McCamant and State Treasurer Boyer.

Comanche, the famous war horse, and only living thing belonging to the United States service that escaped alive from the famous Custer massacre, died yesterday, at Fort Riley. His skin will be mounted and sent to the World's Fair.

President Harrison has granted pardons in the following cases: George C. Wells, convicted in California of violating the postal laws; W